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Interview with TROTSKY

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The Week-end Review

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THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION—The Week-end Review. *Incorporating The New Statesman, The Nation and Athenaeum, Week-end Review.*

THERE has been fighting on five fronts in Spain during the past week. In the Madrid theatre the Government forces have pushed their lines forward a little; on the Cordova side their advance has been on a bigger scale. In the north the rebels are pushing hard, and have got to within twenty miles or so of Bilbao, whilst their warships are shelling the villages on the coast. General Mola, who is in command of the attack, announces that he "has decided to finish the war in Northern Spain," and threatens the direst vengeance unless Bilbao surrenders. There is no present sign of any intention of surrendering; the Basques are putting up a stout resistance, and as we write they are holding what looks like a strong line in the mountains. The casualties on both sides have been very heavy.

Non-Intervention?

General Franco does not seem to be paying much heed to the warnings he has had about the consequences of interference with foreign shipping. On Tuesday bombing planes from Majorca actually attacked H.M.S. "Gallant," a British destroyer. They did not succeed in hitting her, and were driven off by her anti-aircraft guns. Outside Bilbao a merchantman, the "Thorpehill," was stopped by a rebel armed trawler, and had to be rescued by British warships, which were cleared for action. The usual protests are being made in both cases. Meanwhile, the Non-Intervention Committee is still in labour. Nobody yet knows what Italy is going to do. Reports from Rome indicate that Mussolini is lying low for the moment—and perhaps he may continue in a cautious policy, especially since it is evident that Germany has become cool about the Spanish adventure. But the Spanish Embassy in London now claims to have full confirmation of the landing of 10,000 Italian troops at Cadiz on March 22nd, 23rd and 24th. Nor, we believe, has the last been heard of Count Grandi's statement that no Italian soldier will be withdrawn from Spain till the war is ended. There are some members of the Committee who want explanations from Italy, and it is likely that it will be called together again in the next few days to demand them. We hope it will get them—and with them some assurances that may make "non-intervention" a little less of a farce than it is at present.

The Sugar Conference

Considerable difficulties will have to be overcome if the Sugar Conference now assembled in London is to reach any substantial measure of agreement. The sugar industry

is in an extremely artificial position. World production, which amounted in 1913 to about 18 million tons, is now about 30 million tons, comprising 20 million tons of cane (double the 1913 output) and 10 million tons of beet sugar. The wholesale price per cwt. has recently recovered to 6*s*. 9*d*., as compared with a "depression low" of 4*s*., but the production costs of beet sugar in Europe range from 16*s*. to nearly 20*s*. per cwt. Hence practically all beet-producing countries, including Britain, have resorted to one form or another of protection—tariffs, import quotas or subsidies—as part of their agricultural policy. As a result, the free world sugar market amounts to-day to little more than 3 million tons, a bare tenth of world production. World consumption during the past two years has been rising and stocks have been reduced to manageable proportions; but as long as the free market is so narrow the allocation of acceptable export quotas to Cuba and the British Colonies low-cost cane exporters will be no easy task. Probably the best result that can be expected is an undertaking by the "protectionist" beet producers not to increase their output any further, but to leave to the cane producers all future expansion in world demands. In return, the cane producers might reasonably be asked to regulate their exports with a view to maintaining prices somewhere near their present level.

Freer Trade Inquiry

M. van Zeeland, the Belgian Prime Minister, has accepted an invitation extended to him by the French and British Governments that he should undertake an international inquiry into the possibilities of reducing trade barriers. We confess to scepticism with regard to the British Government's sincerity in this move. Only a fortnight ago Mr. Baldwin uncompromisingly refused to consider any of the Peace Council's proposals for liberalising the conditions of trade. Britain, he declared, would stand pat on its most favoured nation rights, and would have nothing to do with "low tariff" groups. Since we impose no exchange restrictions or industrial quotas (on the matter of agricultural quotas, which we do impose, he was silent), our hands are stainless, our duties moderate and irreducible. Has Mr. Baldwin undergone a sudden conversion? We very much doubt it. The true explanation is that the British Government has lately been strongly urged, both by the signatories to the Oslo Convention and by the U.S.A., to make some contribution towards freer trade. The efforts of Belgium, Holland and the Scandinavian nations to form a "low-tariff" group have been consistently frustrated by Britain's refusal to waive M.F.N. rights. Mr. Cordell Hull is known to regard the liberalisation of trade as an essential condition of world peace. M. Blum, faced with an awkward rise in French internal prices, might well support any initiative towards all-round relaxation of customs barriers. As a means of avoiding a "show-down" the institution of an "inquiry" is an ingenious manoeuvre.

Inflation in the States?

Fears of dangerous inflation of the price level are increasing in the United States, where Moody's index for wholesale commodities is now over 125 per cent. above the level of December, 1931; the foreign exchange value of the dollar has lately had a tendency to fall, and on Wednesday Wall Street was badly rattled by rumours (subsequently denied) that the U.S. Government proposed to take the deflationary step of lowering its buying price for gold. There are, in fact, no signs that the Administration intends to apply the brake by reversing its "cheap money" policy. President Roosevelt, at his last press conference, declared that the rapid advance made by industries producing "capital" goods—steel and metals—as compared with a slower rate of recovery in "consumer goods" industries, was introducing undesirable disequilibrium into the country's economic structure. But though he implied that there might be a deliberate shift in the direction of Government expenditure he made no suggestion that its aggregate volume would be curtailed. Not only so; on Monday the Government announced through the Federal Reserve Board's Open Market Committee that it would support the (recently depressed) market in Government bonds in order to continue the policy of "easy money" which it considers to be essential for the further expansion of industry and the increase of employment. With not far short of ten million persons still out of work, it may seem ridiculous of the President's opponents to accuse him of fostering a "dangerous boom"; but the rise in American prices is so rapid that the possibility of inflation, followed by a disturbing reaction, cannot be overlooked.

Dear Bread

Indications are that the quartern loaf may cost tenpence before the end of April. Continued heavy purchases by Germany and Italy, accompanied by some speculative buying, have raised May wheat (*i.e.*, wheat to be delivered in two months' time) to over 10*s*. 7*d*. per 100 lb. early this week. The U.S. gold price scare led to a short reaction; but flour for delivery in the Home Counties consequently now costs 46*s*. per sack, plus the 6*d*. wheat quota charge. Given a further increase of 6*d*. per sack in flour prices, the bakers become entitled to put up the loaf from 9½*d*. to 10*d*.—a price exceedingly onerous for households on the poverty line. Apart from the special factor of German and Italian purchases, motived apparently by the desire to build up war-emergency stocks, the statistical position of world wheat supplies points to the likelihood of a real shortage unless the next harvest in the Northern Hemisphere is above the average. On July 31st, 1936—the end of the cereal year—exporting countries had a carry-over of only 250 million bushels. Spring wheat in Canada and the U.S.A. failed badly; European crops were on the whole disappointing; and though a good Argentine harvest has to some extent helped the situation, importing countries' requirements will probably reduce exportable stocks by the end of next July to the low figure of 100 million bushels, little more than two months' normal needs of importers. World wheat acreage sown has expanded this year, notably in the U.S.A.; and with luck supplies should be adequate to meet demand next autumn. But another drought in North America would spell famine prices for bread.

Germany and S.W. Africa

The official ban on foreigners taking part in political organisations in the mandated territory of South-West Africa has roused the German Government to furious protests. The Nazi press describes it not only as an insult to Germany but as a "step to annexation." Dr.

Malan, the Nationalist leader in the Union House of Assembly, takes the German side and argues that conciliatory methods ought to have been adopted. General Hertzog's answer is that his Government have always had the most friendly feelings towards Germany and the Germans in general in the mandated territory, but that the behaviour of certain Germans had compelled him to appoint a Commission and on its report to take action. These Nazi agents, it seems, have been openly carrying on a seditious agitation, and calling on the German Government to take over the territory. If these are the facts, General Hertzog is on strong ground provided that he can show that the mandate is not in fact being used as a camouflage for annexation. As for the larger question, in which this row is an incident, of the restoration of Germany's colonies—we do not believe that that is the way either of justice or of peace. The just and the wise course is to put all colonies under international control.

Dr. Beneš in Belgrade

The visit of Dr. Beneš, the Czechoslovak President, to Jugoslavia has considerable political importance, though what exactly its results may be cannot be prophesied. The Belgrade crowds cheered Dr. Beneš enthusiastically on his arrival. Their hooting of Italy—which invited the earnest attention of the police—showed that M. Stoyadinovitch's *rapprochement* with Mussolini and the new pact of amity are not universally popular in Jugoslavia. The refusal of the Jugoslav Government, however, supported by the Rumanian, to commit themselves to a military alliance under the aegis of France, is not, we think, to be taken as a sure sign that the Little Entente is breaking down or that German policy is triumphant. In France, though the new Italo-Jugoslav pact was naturally looked at askance, there is no real alarm. The whole situation is still fluid, and the attitude of all the States, great or small, which are concerned appears to be one of "wait and see."

M. Blum and the Fascists

Colonel De la Rocque, M. Ybarnegaray, and certain other leaders of the *Parti Social Français* are to be prosecuted as an outcome of the judicial inquiry into their recent proceedings. Everyone knows that the *Parti Social* is in effect the dissolved *Croix de Feu* under another name. But it has so far been let alone as unimportant. Moreover M. Blum was probably unwilling to provoke the Right more than he had to, as long as his Government was still facing an awkward financial situation. In this respect his position is now a good deal stronger. The Treasury has money in hand for some months; internal revival is proceeding and capital being repatriated, albeit now on a small scale; and the rise in domestic prices has slowed down, though it has not been stopped. The Clichy affair has had remarkably small repercussions on the general political situation. M. Blum is now in a position to placate the Left, without unduly infuriating the Right, by taking proceedings against Colonel De la Rocque and his associates. But these proceedings will probably not in the end amount to very much, and there is some doubt about their wisdom from a tactical point of view. French Fascism has ceased for the time to be menacing and there is a danger of giving its discredited leader, Colonel De la Rocque, a new lease of political life by making him the centre of what must be a much publicised legal process.

The Distressed Areas

The Government's miserable Special Areas Bill passed its second reading on Tuesday. The Under-Secretary for Scotland put the best face that he could on it. But talks of progressive improvement, of armament orders in the Special Areas having risen to £57,000,000, of another couple of millions going to schemes of assistance to local authorities and development councils, of a large fall in unemployment, and of the Commissioner being empowered to settle another 1,000 families on the land—all this deceives no one who knows the grim facts. Sir Robert Horne declared that he would continue to be a critic of the Government so long as there were 200,000 people unemployed in the Special Areas. Mr. Lawson, speaking for Labour, whilst admitting that there was some increase of work, pointed out that the alleged reduction of unemployment by 120,000 was very far from meaning 120,000 more persons employed; two-thirds of that total were accounted for by transference of young people to other areas. The Government, in fact, had been forced by the pressure of public opinion to do something, but they were doing the least they possibly could. And the problems of the Special Areas would never be solved until we had a full-time Minister in the House to deal with them.

The Miners on the Move

The proposed amalgamation between the Notts Miners' Association and Mr. Spencer's "Industrial Union" is off for the time being, as everyone who read the terms must have felt sure it would be if they had to receive the approval of the M.F.G.B. Conference. The acceptance of Mr. Spencer as a guaranteed member of the M.F.G.B. Executive and the virtual absorption of the N.M.A. into Mr. Spencer's Union, coupled with a guarantee not to call the Nottinghamshire miners out on strike, even in a general dispute extending to all coalfields, was altogether too much for the delegates to swallow. It is not easy to understand how Mr. Joseph Jones and his colleagues ever came to think that the terms would be accepted. In view of their rejection, the question of a national strike in support of the Harworth miners is now again to the fore; unless the Nottinghamshire owners give way, it may come to that. Meanwhile, the South Wales miners and owners have fixed up a new four-year agreement, which is likely in fact to run for nearly five years, as the owners have offered to bring the improved conditions into force at once instead of waiting for the present agreement to expire in September, and have asked the miners to agree in return to prolong it for a few months beyond the agreed date. Undoubtedly, though severe unemployment still exists in the South Wales valleys, the pits that are working are now doing a great deal better. The coal industry, thanks to the steel boom, the larger Admiralty demand, and the general trade improvement, has looked up a lot; and the miners are in a good position for getting better conditions wherever they are not tied down by unfavourable agreements.

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THE NATION'S FOOD

MALNUTRITION has now taken pride of place among the social scandals of the day. For some years past inquiries and surveys, official and unofficial, lay and professional, have exposed with monotonous regularity the facts and the consequences of the undernourishment of masses of the people. There is nothing new, of course, in the facts or the consequences; the hungry and unhealthy poor we have always had with us. What is new is that the comfortable classes can no longer ignore the problem—and that many, to do them justice, do not want to ignore it. But Governments that represent the comfortable classes and guard their purses have been in no haste to apply remedies; what little they have done is pitiably little. The hungry sheep, in fact, look up—and are given (or invited to buy at a reduced rate) an inadequate ration of milk for the more necessitous lambs. Now we have yet another Report on the problem, and one which may carry more weight than any that has gone before. (Advisory Committee on Nutrition, First Report. *Stationery Office*, 1*s*.) The Advisory Committee on Nutrition was appointed by the Minister of Health and the Secretary of State for Scotland in 1935, and consists of twenty persons of high qualifications, with Lord Luke as chairman. Its terms of reference are much wider than those of the former committee that it replaced, and its investigations are, in its own words, "likely to prove more fruitful than any hitherto attempted." We hope they will. It is high time we had some better fruit than crab-apples.

The Committee is only at the beginning of its labours. It is going to make exhaustive inquiries into the foods consumed by the nation and into the distribution of these foods among the consumers of all sorts and conditions. It is going to pass considered judgment on "the application of the lessons of recent nutritional science to the feeding of the nation." In the meanwhile, it offers us, in its first Report, "the results of a preliminary survey of the whole field." This is not merely an academic statement, but a series of recommendations which can and ought to be acted on without delay. During the past quarter of a century, as the Committee points out, there has been a great improvement in the public health, and this is, no doubt, due in large part to better nutrition. The consumption per head of many foodstuffs, and particularly those of greatest nutritional value, has steadily increased. "The diet of the people is now more in conformity with physiological principles than it was in pre-war years." But that, encouraging as it sounds, is no ground for complacency. "Much still remains to be done," says the Report emphatically, "before the general health and physique of the population reach the optimum level." And in saying that it is supported by a mass of unimpeachable evidence—the evidence of investigators who have compared the diets and the weights and heights of children at different income levels, the evidence of recruiting officers and of local authorities, the evidence which any intelligent person can get for himself by the use of his own eyes.

When it comes to discuss diet in more detail, the Committee is cautious. It is satisfied that "all except a relatively small fraction of the population" are getting the requisite amount of calories. The consumption of fat has increased, and this "suggests that there is no aggregate deficiency in the national dietary." But it is admitted that there is some deficiency in the diets of the very poorest. It is also "probable that there is some shortage of animal protein in the diets of the poorest sections of the community." We need not quarrel with these prudently qualified statements. But we may legitimately underline the qualifications, which are very likely far more serious than might appear from the words in which they are put. For what exactly, when translated into numbers of men, women and children, does "a relatively small fraction of the population" mean? A hundred thousand? Half a million? A million? And how many people are to be included in "the poorest section of the community" which is short of animal proteins? No definite statistical answers can be given, of course, to such questions. But that does not warrant anyone treating these minorities and "fractions" as minute. There are, indeed, ample grounds for believing that the numbers suffering from deficiencies of vital elements of diet are very large.

What has the Report to say about particular foods? In the main, very much the same that has been said by other experts, such as Sir John Orr (he is one of the members of this Advisory Committee) or the Technical Commission of the League of Nations Health Organisation. Special importance is laid on the consumption of fruit, green vegetables and potatoes, eggs, fish and, above all, milk. Milk the Committee regards as "the key to proper nutrition," and the present consumption of it in all forms per head of the population is too low. It ought, in their view, to be about two pints daily for nursing and expectant mothers, from one to two pints for children, and at least half a pint for the rest of us. That would mean an average of about seven-eighths of a pint (of liquid milk) per day per head of the population. The actual consumption is less than half that amount, and even if condensed and dried milk are reckoned in, the national consumption is only about sixty per cent. of what is recommended. "From the health standpoint," says an impressive paragraph of the Report,

> there is no other single measure which would do more to improve the health, development and resistance to disease of the rising generation than a largely increased consumption of safe milk, especially by mothers, children and adolescents, and we hope that, in dealing with the problem of milk now and in the future, the primary objective of the State will be to ensure that a supply of safe milk, to the amount we have recommended above, is brought within the purchasing power of the poorest. We deplore the fact that there is a deficiency of milk in the diet of large sections of the population.

All this is sound advice. But if the poorest—or even the moderately poor are to get more nourishing foods and enough of them, how are they to go about it? We have had numberless comparisons of the price of foodstuffs and the income available to buy them with. Dr. M'Gonigle and Mr. Kirby, in their inquiry at Stockton-on-Tees a couple of years ago, gave some typical examples. Among the families they were investigating, they found—on a careful estimate—that in the lowest income group (25*s*. to 35*s*. a week) the sum available for food purchase was 2*s*. 11½*d*. per head; in the 35*s*. to 45*s*. group it was 3*s*. 3*d*.; in the 45*s*. to 55*s*. group 3*s*. 9½*d*.; in the 70*s*. to 80*s*. group 6*s*. 2*d*. The minimum sum laid down by the British Medical Association Committee was 5*s*. 11*d*. per

week for food for an ordinary adult man (with lower rates for women and children under fourteen). But at the prices ruling in Stockton in 1935, the 5*s.* 11*d.* would have been 7*s.*, and even after allowing for the lower requirements of the women and young children, none but the highest income group came anywhere near this figure. Is it not evident that, for a multitude of families up and down the land, the advice to eat more fruit and eggs and fish and milk is in their present circumstances about as useful as advice to eat the moon? And if you want official confirmation of the movement of prices, turn to the Food Council's Report for 1936, which was published last week, a few hours before the Advisory Committee's Report. The general food index in 1936 averaged 30 per cent. above July, 1914, and 5 per cent. above 1935. Potatoes, flour, bread, cheese, butter, margarine and eggs were all going up, though margarine, butter and cheese were decidedly cheap. Fish was, and is, monstrously dear; the price last year averaged 101 per cent. above July, 1914. And milk comes a good second, with a percentage of 82 above July, 1914.

What, then, are the prospects of the Advisory Committee's proposals being carried out? So far as milk is concerned, we are glad to know that the Minister of Health has begun to move. He is urging all the Maternity and Child Welfare authorities to review their arrangements for the supply of milk and other foods, to remove restrictions which some of them have put on the supply in certain cases, and to revise the scales of income used in deciding whether payment shall be exacted. He has also asked local authorities "to consider afresh the question of a properly organised system of meals." And finally (though this can hardly be considered a very positive contribution on his part) he reminds the local authorities that, under the recent new arrangements, they have now got more money to spend on their social services. This activity of Sir Kingsley Wood is welcome, so far as it goes. But it does not go far enough; a vast deal more is needed, and at once, than the gingering up of the Maternity and Child Welfare authorities. There are hosts of men, women and children whom those authorities do not touch and who ought to be consuming more milk. Nor is that all. Man does not live by milk alone, and the problem of other "protective" foods must be tackled. That problem is, as we have indicated, essentially a problem of prices. We do not expect any heroic measures from this Government. But they could at least pay some heed to the criticisms and suggestions of their Food Council. The Food Council's Report, for all its circumspect phrasing, is a formidable indictment of the exploitation to which the consumers of this country are being subjected. And the exploitation is not eased, it is tightened, by the Government's Marketing schemes. Those schemes, as they operate, do not provide a "square deal" between producer and consumer; in some cases—that of milk, in particular—they result in high profits (or low profits and appalling waste) in the distributive process. The Government, so we infer from Sir Kingsley Wood's statement last week, are anxious "to implement the conclusions" of the Advisory Committee, and the Minister of Health has taken the first step by asking the local authorities to review their schemes. As the next step, we suggest that the Minister of Agriculture should ask himself to review his own schemes.

TROTSKY IN MEXICO

I went to see Trotsky in the house which Diego Rivera and his wife have lent him in an outlying suburb of Mexico City. He is very well guarded and cannot go out, I am told, without a bodyguard of detectives and armed patrols on motor-cycles. Four armed guards were standing at the gate. Once inside, I thought an exile could scarcely hope to find a lovelier refuge. Trotsky was sitting in a long, cool room looking out on to the *patio*—a gay and beautiful courtyard, the walls bright blue and the bougainvillea a blazing glory in the sunshine. He was working, he told me, on his new book, *The Crimes of Stalin.*

Pictures of Trotsky are apt to suggest the stage revolutionary in the fuzzy hair and a certain untidy vehemence about the neck. Nothing could be farther from the fact. Dapper was the word that came into my head, when I first saw him. He looked as if he had just come out of a hot bath, just had his hair cut, his beard trimmed and his suit pressed. His hair and beard are grey and his face a fresh pink. He looked like a Frenchman, not, I decided after a few minutes, a French politician but, in spite of his neatness, a French artist.

As we talked I retained the impression of Trotsky as an artist, an intuitive and imaginative man, vain and very able, a man of fierce will and unruly temperament. If I had met him without knowing who he was, or what he had done, and without having read his books, I should have been impressed; but I doubt if I should have recognised his genius. In conversation it grew upon me that he lacked one of the qualities of greatness which I think Lenin had to an extraordinary degree. Trotsky, I think, has always seen events in relation to his own career; even when he was throwing his immense energy into the task of building the Soviet army and reorganising the shattered railway system, he must even then have been saying to himself "I, Trotsky, am doing this great thing and doing it superbly as only I can." He is a dramatist and plays his own title-roles; I doubt if his judgment has ever been objective. But, in exile, objectivity is almost impossible. Its destruction is the worst damage that exile inflicts. Perhaps Lenin is the only political refugee who has never lost his sense of proportion.

Trotsky was charming and friendly. Yes, he was pleased to talk to me because he regarded the NEW STATESMAN AND NATION as one of the few honest and genuinely radical papers. I suppose that he had read a recent article expressing scepticism about the evidence of the Moscow trials. I asked him at once about the "archives" of which he had spoken in the press. He had promised detailed refutation of the evidence of the confessions. How soon would it be ready? Would it contain other material similar to the points that no Hotel Bristol had existed in Copenhagen when he was said to have been plotting there (there was, it seems, a Café Bristol next to an hotel), and that no aeroplane flew to Oslo in December of 1935? He replied that far the most convincing proof that the trial was a fake lay in the obvious impossibility of the plot that he and his former friends in Russia were supposed to have hatched. The inherent absurdity of the story was more important than a hundred Hotel Bristols. But there were of course many other detailed proofs of the falsity of the evidence, and he would fully expose them in his book. It must take a considerable period to establish them fully. His archives were numerous, but they needed a great deal of sorting—several secretaries were engaged on the job—and they were incomplete. On some points he could only advance complete proof with the aid of foreign Governments. In France, for instance, the only people who knew his address and his movements were the heads of the police; he had written to the French authorities to aid him in showing the falsity of the allegations about an alleged meeting in Paris. Such investigations could not be completed in a minute. But in a few months' time his book would appear, and all the

people who had not spoken out clearly on his side would be ashamed at ever having had any doubts.

All the evidence relating to Romm, Trotsky thought, had been introduced at the last minute by the G.P.U. in order to discredit him in America, where Romm had been well known and liked as a newspaper correspondent. The G.P.U. had expected him to be in Norway during the trial and had been taken by surprise when he was moved in strict secrecy to Mexico. Another point of which we shall probably hear more when Trotsky's book appears was his confident assertion that Sosnowski had been secretly assassinated by the G.P.U. because he had refused to sign a joint statement which Radek, Piatakof and Rakovsky had been induced to sign.

I told him that I was still puzzled by the confessions. They were difficult to explain on any hypothesis. What possible pressure could be brought on all these experienced revolutionaries which would make them not only confess, but stand by their confessions when they had the opportunity of publicly repudiating them in open trial? Trotsky explained that I did not understand the methods of the G.P.U. He described how they first got hold of a woman and questioned her until she made a confession which incriminated her husband; how this was used to break down her husband's resistance and how he in turn was induced to incriminate his friends, all of whom were gradually persuaded by pressure of one sort or another to sign what was required. The G.P.U. knew, he said, how to attack each of its victims in his weakest spot, this man signing from sheer nervous exhaustion, that one because of a threat to his wife and children, and the other in the hope of pardon and release. The preparation of such a case took years, and the trials were the climax of a determination which Stalin had taken in 1927 (when the split in the Party occurred) completely to eliminate all those who had sympathised with Trotsky and who might in the future swing opinion against Stalin's policy. The G.P.U. would not stage a trial until they were sure of all their men. Tomsky, it should be noted, had committed suicide or had been killed.

I still did not understand why none of the prisoners had repudiated his confession in court. I try to think of myself under such circumstances. I can see myself breaking down and confessing to anything under pressure, but the trial itself was free and open, and I think I should have withdrawn an extorted confession when I saw the press correspondents hanging on my words. Russians tell me that this is an English view, that confession is a spontaneous impulse of the Slav soul, "an old Russian custom," not a peculiar invention of Dostoievsky and the G.P.U. However, I put it to Trotsky. Why, I asked, did none of the accused men imitate Dimitrov? It was strange that not one of them should have gone down fighting and have appealed to the public opinion of the world. Most of them knew they were going to die, anyway. Trotsky grew very animated. I was wrong. Even after the example of the first trial these men did not *know* they were going to die. There was a world of difference between the certainty of death and just that much hope of reprieve—here Trotsky made an expressive gesture with his fingers to indicate even a millimetre of hope. And in fact they had not all died. Radek and Sokolnikov and two others were still alive. He was completely convinced that there had been an understanding from the beginning between Radek and Stalin. Radek knew that he was to be reprieved. As for Dimitrov there was no parallel at all. He had been held only for a few months before the trial, and in those days the old democratic authorities were still mainly in charge of the prisons and the police. Dimitrov had never been subjected to the kind of pressure that broke the accused men in Russia. Moreover, he had all the press of the world in front of him, while in Russia the foreign correspondents were all "paid prostitutes" of Moscow. The arch-villain among the pressmen was Duranty. But Trotsky had shown up Duranty in a correspondence with the *New York Times;* he had made the *New York Times* climb down, and he doubted whether they still had the same confidence in their Moscow correspondent. And what had I got to say for Mr. Pritt; how much had he been paid to write the account of things he did; how had he come to be on the spot so aptly for the first trial? This was more than I could bear. I explained to him that I knew Mr. Pritt well, that he might perhaps have been deceived, might even be accused of credulity when he went to Russia, but that his integrity was beyond question. Trotsky and I had a regular wrangle on the point, and I am afraid that I failed to convince him. To see him get up and shout abuse at Mr. Pritt was revealing. He seemed to believe that anyone who had a word to say for Stalin or who hesitates to denounce the whole trial as a frame-up must be in the pay of Moscow. He made an exception in the case of the Webbs—they were merely poor credulous dupes.

I had had enough of the trial, and I asked Trotsky what he thought would now happen in Europe. He said that in any case this trial was the "beginning of Stalin's agony." He paraphrased Abraham Lincoln; it was not possible "to betray all the world all the time." Stalin had gone too far in betrayal. Repression had reached its limits in Russia and the disillusion of the workers had begun. The Russian people would throw off the yoke. Did he mean in war or before war? War, he said, would hasten things. He did not wish for it, but when it did come its inevitable result would be to release the proletariat everywhere and in Russia most quickly of all. "I tell you," he said, "that in three to five years from now the Fourth International will be a great force in the world." The Trotskyist trials in Russia had not convinced the workers abroad, had shown Stalin in his true light, and had dealt a great blow at the Third International. In any case, Stalin's policy was forcing the Second and Third Internationals to come together; this was the beginning of its end. The Fourth International must develop in any case. In war its development would be very rapid.

* * *

Afterwards, turning over this conversation in my mind, I did not find that it had cleared away my perplexity about the Moscow trials. When I wrote that I did not know whether or not to believe in the confessions, I meant exactly what I said. It seemed to me the only honest thing to say. Trotsky, like other people, interpreted my scepticism as a vote against Stalin and he had tried to remove any lingering doubts. But I came away from our talk rather less inclined to scout the possibility of Trotsky's complicity than I had been before, because his judgment appeared to me so unstable, and therefore the possibility of his embarking on a crazy plot more credible. I had not then read the verbatim report of Radek's evidence nor a book called *Soviet Justice and the Trial of Radek*, by Dudley Collard. Mr. Collard, who was present at the trial, is completely convinced of the truth of the confessions. On a number of points I must confess that he seems to be singularly naive. But he has the wisdom to include in his book the full text of Radek's confession and cross-examination, and I agree with him that it is almost impossible to believe that it was collusive. Radek's testimony goes a long way towards convincing me that part at least of the evidence is true. The story that Radek tells of the stages in which he became implicated and the reasons which led him to try to withdraw read to me like truth. Some of the other evidence still strains my credulity, and to believe it is to be compelled to regard as astonishingly cold-blooded villians men whom Communists have wished us to respect as heroic leaders of the revolution. Worse still, to accept it involves also accepting a very unhappy picture of many aspects of Soviet Russia to-day. In any case I shall not let myself become a partisan in this controversy until I have seen what evidence is produced before the inquiry which is now opening in New York and until I have read the facts and arguments which Trotsky is compiling in *The Crimes of Stalin*. But I fear this open-minded attitude will have no effect on Trotsky except to convince him that I too am a prostitute in the pay of Moscow.

KINGSLEY MARTIN

REBEL INDIA

AFTER a long period of calm the struggle of Indian Nationalism against the Imperial Power has been renewed under new conditions. For the first time it is possible to measure Indian opinion. The recent elections in the provinces were in effect a plebiscite on the Constitution. The National Congress Party had, to be sure, its programme of social reforms, but it concentrated on one issue that overshadowed all others. Its manifesto declared for the total and uncompromising rejection of the Constitution. It went on to make a positive proposal, the calling of a constituent assembly, based on universal suffrage, which itself shall erect a congenial framework for India's future national life. The vote was taken under conditions far from favourable to Congress. Its prestige had suffered from the failure of its campaign of civil disobedience. Though the franchise in the Provinces has been widened, it still excludes the mass of the poorer workers and peasants. The subdivision of the electorate into separate constituencies based on religion is a further obstacle. Worse still are the arrangements that provide seats for the representatives of small propertied groups, chambers of commerce and big landlords; for these greatly outnumber the special representatives assigned to the workers. Electioneering had to be conducted under restrictions that leave only a vestige of free speech and a free press. Finally, many of the leaders of Congress were disqualified as candidates because they had served a term of imprisonment for a political offence.

In spite of these handicaps, Congress won a startling victory. It secured an absolute majority in six provinces; it had in three more a relative majority; only in two did it poll poorly. The solid interior of the Peninsula belongs to it in an unbroken block from the Himalayas to Cape Comorin; its grip relaxes only at the extremities of the Mohammedan North-East and North-West. When the actual total votes are available, there is no doubt that Congress will be able to claim an absolute majority over British India as a whole, and this without reckoning the groups that differed only by a nuance from its position. The result, then, of this plebiscite is unambiguous. This constitution was imposed on a nation which rejects it. Its sanction is merely our tanks and our bombing planes. Nothing is changed in a relationship that rests upon conquest.

The next step has followed with implacable logic. This Indian nation refuses to work a constitution it has rejected. The thing was planned at Delhi and Westminster with cynical sagacity. The brunt of Indian indignation fell on the federal chapters. These no Indian party could stomach, not even the Mohammedan moderates. They left the Governor-General still the autocrat who controls the main functions of sovereignty. But the federal legislature is so composed that no popular party can hope to storm it: it is the impregnable citadel of property and the princes. At the Centre, therefore, the Empire ran no risk. It did in the Provinces face a danger that may have been foreseen: their legislatures might be carried by a popular party. But in these some approach to self-government was promised—enough to tempt the average politician. The bait, as it turned out, came near to attracting Congress.

What happened, after its victory, within its ranks deserves close attention. A minority, which looked to Jawaharlal Nehru as its leader, and had the Socialist group to organise it, favoured a flat refusal of office in its six provinces. This seemed to be the logical consequence of its Manifesto. If one rejects a constitution one does not tamely acquiesce in its vetoes and limitations. One confronts the Imperial Power with the consequences of its conduct. It chose to impose this constitution; then let it face in crisis after crisis the resistance of the people's representatives. Let it nominate its tame ministries and carry its budgets by certification. This is an attitude natural in a revolutionary group which aims at re-shaping the social structure of India and is not deeply interested in changing the colour of the skins of the Ministers who preside over its sub-human poverty. This was the strategy of the younger generation, but it rallied only a third of the party.

The majority of Congress certainly wished to work the Constitution. Its motives may have been mixed. Office after long years of martyrdom had its attractions. Some argued, like the Labour Party in 1924, that Congress must prove its capacity for office and constructive work. Others maintained that if provincial autonomy is a sham, the best way to expose it is by an honest attempt to work it. The main body believed that with all its defects it could be used to carry some urgent social reforms. On the surface the opportunity seems impressive. A Ministry of Indians, responsible to an elected legislature, has charge of most of the functions of government that touch the average man most closely in his daily life. Could it not expand the starved social services, bring health and education to neglected villages, rescue the peasant from the usurer, humanise the conditions of the industrial worker, and teach the police to behave as the servants of the people? This dazzling prospect fades perceptibly when one examines the Constitution in detail. Over wide areas of social legislation the Federal Centre and the Provinces share concurrent jurisdiction, with the Centre predominant; but the Federal Legislature is hopelessly tied to propertied interests. In six provinces there are second chambers, based on a high property franchise, which can and doubtless will obstruct social reform. Even graver is the financial difficulty. For a great part of their revenue the provinces depend on the Federal Centre; their budgets are therefore inelastic and, given the heavy fixed charges incidental to foreign rule, it is doubtful whether funds can be raised to pay for costly reforms. Again, one may ask whether irremovable white Civil Servants will show much zeal in carrying out the policies of Nationalist Ministers; hitherto they have had "yes men" to instruct. Finally, there is the Governor's veto.

On this last obstacle Congress fixed its eyes. It loomed up dramatically, the embodiment of British sovereignty. These white men had the almost unlimited right, if they chose to exercise it, to frustrate the will of the brown millions. The other defects in the provincial constitution may be even more hampering, but this flaw was an affront to Indian self-respect. It is customary in the English press to minimise the veto; there is no intention to use it brutally or frequently; it is a precaution that will lie in reserve for grave emergencies that may never in fact arise; gradually, as the years go by, it may lapse into oblivion. Indians, so runs this argument, are ultra-sensitive; they have "an inferiority complex."

In that case, one might reply, it would be wise on our part to avoid anything that rouses this ultra-sensitive mood of suspicion. It is true that Indians have this "complex," but its counterpart is no less evident in the bureaucracy; it is ultra-sensitive over questions of prestige. But is the veto really as harmless as this argument would have us believe? One may grant that it is not a part of the English technique of government to use such devices fussily, roughly or often. It is easy, with some experience of Anglo-Indian ways, to guess what will usually happen. Ministers, knowing that the Governor has these powers in reserve, will be obliged to consult with him over every project of legislation and every administrative move. They will have to watch his countenance daily; their policy will be a continual compromise. In short, they will have to consider his views as closely as those of their own constituents. This is not self-government: it is a new and incalculable form of dual rule. From the standpoint of any honest nationalist party this is an intolerable prospect.

Faced with this situation, Mr. Gandhi, eager for peace and ready to try co-operation, proposed a compromise. At first sight it looked naive; on second thoughts it seems that something could have been built upon it. His suggestion was that in each province the leader of the Congress Party should, before forming a Ministry, seek an assurance from the Governor, which he might publish, to the effect that the veto and emergency powers would not be used "or the advice of

Ministers set aside *in regard to their constitutional activities*." That is a somewhat subtle phrase. But it could have been made perfectly explicit. Might not the Governor have replied that he understood that the Constitution enjoined him to use his veto only when Ministers departed from the Constitution? In other words, Ministers need not fear it so long as they proposed to act within the Constitution. That would have been a perfectly proper pledge, involving no surrender of necessary powers. And this Congress could have accepted, in its post-election frame of mind, without loss of self-respect.

It is no accident that considerations of prestige won at this decisive moment. From first to last Indian self-respect has been ignored by the Imperial Power. It prepared the mind of India to receive this Constitution by two years of brutal coercion. It would discuss it only with hand-picked delegates of its own choosing. It persisted with its draft after the Moderates themselves had rejected it. This Constitution has been imposed on a people that will have none of it, and now the last chance has been thrown away so to interpret it that pacific Indians might have acquiesced in it as a workable instalment of reform. In six provinces a tame minority will govern, with the bureaucracy and the police behind it. That means coercion. Looking into the future, what forecast do we make of India's probable attitude, when the next war overtakes us? It would be wise to ponder the warning that came from Mr. Srinivasa Sastri, himself the most loyal and moderate of Liberals, after the Governors had rejected Mr. Gandhi's overture for peace. The chivalry that kept India loyal in the last ordeal will not be repeated on the next occasion, nor have we deserved that it should be repeated.

H. N. BRAILSFORD

A LONDON DIARY

I LEARNT in the United States that many Americans now regard the Coronation mainly as a financial ramp, a method of picking Uncle Sam's pockets. The absurd prices demanded by hotels and the preposterous cost of seats are giving us the sort of reputation that France earned at the end of the war of trying to make the last farthing out of the foreigner. I hear of many bookings cancelled and I met Americans who had thought of coming to the Coronation but had decided that the Paris Exhibition was a cheaper and more sensible objective for this year's holiday. Instead of cementing British-American relations I think the exploitation of the Coronation, following on the affair of Mrs. Simpson, will make them slightly worse. The prospect of Mr. Neville Chamberlain as Premier does nothing to help matters, for Mr. Neville Chamberlain is particularly connected in the American mind with default on the debt payment—a matter which most English people have forgotten all about, but which will continue to annoy Americans until we make some decent offer of settlement. A formal note begging off on the score of poverty is still sent from England every six months. It made sense in 1931; to-day with our prodigious expenditure on armaments it just reads like dishonest nonsense. British people are too apt to assume that America is "on our side anyway when the test comes." Talk about our common language, ancestry and ideals is merely written off as the usual British hypocrisy when in action we show not the slightest sign of willingness to co-operate with an American administration which is doing everything it can to help the democratic cause in Europe. Roosevelt may be the last American President to think this worth while.

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The lack of concern for American opinion, manifested by the British Government, amazes me. One would have thought that any Government preparing for war would have been above all anxious for American co-operation, and yet the British Government acts as if it wanted to increase "neutrality" sentiment in America and make the task of Americans who want co-operation more difficult. The quality of Mr. Cordell Hull has never been appreciated here. The fiasco at the Economic Conference in 1931 was in no way his fault, and in spite of every discouragement he has continued to bombard the British Government with suggestions for economic co-operation which, I gather, have usually been flatly turned down. Secretary Hull is in many ways a modern edition of Cobden—a very practical idealist, who believes that the main contribution that America can make to European peace is to remove some of the restrictions on trade. He goes on pressing in spite of all rebuffs, and I think he will go on pressing as long as American opinion allows him. But this may not be very much longer.

* * *

What has been happening in politics here while I have been away? I have put this question to a number of people of different political views since my return and the answers boil down to something like this. When Baldwin becomes an earl and Neville Chamberlain becomes Prime Minister, no very drastic reconstruction of the Cabinet will be necessary. Eden is important where he is. He pleases the large middle section of the Conservative Party which likes to think itself Liberal. Simon is said to have wanted the Exchequer, but is not to have it. Now that we have a big rearmament programme, it is not necessary to include Winston Churchill, who is not a Neville Chamberlain man anyway, and did himself a lot of harm during the abdication crisis. Elliot is satisfactorily shelved as Minister for Scotland; he won too many victories over Neville Chamberlain when he wanted money for his agricultural schemes and he is much too clever anyhow to please a Conservative cabinet. The second in command is probably not to be Hoare, who was a safe bet for the premiership before the Hoare-Laval proposals. A friend who knows the Cabinet personalities pretty well put it to me like this. "I can see Baldwin saying: 'Well, if we're to have an efficient and unattractive person like Neville Chamberlain as Prime Minister, it is important to have as second in command somebody who will go down as a man of character and integrity. The fat might be in the fire if you choose another cold and efficient person like Hoare. We need somebody whose honesty will take the place of mine and who will appeal to the great bulk of Puritan electors. Tom Inskip is the man to act as Jack Hobbs if the captain crocks up.'"

* * *

And what about the Labour Party? Now that official Labour has accepted the rearmament programme, it cannot differ from the National Government on really fundamental issues. If the Executive gets its way it will settle down as an "alternative government"—a new Liberal Party with a tinge of Socialist ideology, but a Liberal Party which is hampered by incapacity fully to co-operate with bourgeois "progressives." To establish this position it must hasten the exit of "extremist" elements out of the party. They do not amount to very much in numbers. The I.L.P. only counts in Scotland. If the Socialist League remains in existence its members will be excluded from the Party. The Communists are still few in numbers but increasingly influential in the industrial field. Marxist thinking certainly increases fast—witness the rapid growth of the Left Book Club. On the political side it will not be very difficult to make a sharp division between revolutionary Left and Liberal Right. The Executive's problem is industrial. We are, in fact, getting to-day in the field of heavy industry just the situation that we got in 1917 when the shop stewards led the Left in the workshops against the official Trade Unions who were backing the Government. It is historically true that all "strike waves" begin against the official Unions' wishes, but on this, as on other occasions, the conservative Unions may be forced from below into supporting strikes that they hate. To-day, once again, you have the big Trade Union leaders working closely with the Ministry of Labour in the job of cajoling or buying off the most active elements in the Unions themselves. The most spectacular event in the last two months seems to have been the triumph

of Morrison in the L.C.C. Elections. At last and for the first time a Labour campaign has been carried out with first-class publicity methods. The whole campaign was brilliantly planned with a few key slogans, just the right posters and well-timed public pronouncements. An interesting speculation is whether the lesson of the L.C.C. Election has been completely lost on Transport House. I hear on all hands that there is really serious revolt against the dead hand of Transport House and a realisation that a carefully organised campaign on the L.C.C. model might achieve great results for the whole Labour Party.

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Judging from the retirement of such "big shots" as John Beckett, William Joyce and Captain Lewis, there must have been an unholy row inside the high command of the B.U.F. But the main crisis seems to have been financial. Sir Oswald Mosley has now explained that "the finances of the movement were on a precarious foundation" . . . "At headquarters expenditure tended always to exceed income" . . . "We shall be restricted until we can raise more money." Hence reorganisation on a smaller scale which, the Leader says, will put the B.U.F. "on a sure and stable foundation." According to an unofficial estimate given me, this means that expenditure has been cut from about £2,000 a week to £500. Hence "our main propagandists are now in the position of those in other movements, namely, they have to maintain themselves in ordinary occupations." The actual Budget of the B.U.F. would make interesting reading if it were published. Where has the money come from? Presumably partly from Sir Oswald's private fortune. Then there was "the well-known British manufacturer, who for obvious reasons must remain anonymous." Sir John Simon also stated that British Fascism was subsidised by Foreign Powers—presumably Germany and Italy—a proposition that is not necessarily contradicted by Sir Oswald Mosley's denial that certain individual trusts and companies ever received financial aid from those sources. No one ever imagined that Dr. Goebbels made out a cheque to the B.U.F. One wonders, in view of Sir John's statement, whether the acute financial difficulties of Germany and Italy account at all for Sir Oswald's reorganisation, and whether the death of Lady Houston had anything to do with the drastic deflation of British Fascism. One thing, at any rate, is clear—that Sir Oswald's form of Fascism is making less than no progress in England at the moment. An excellent popular pamphlet by Lionel Birch has just been issued, entitled *Why They Join the Fascists* (People's Press, 6*d*.). It deals admirably with the psychology of British Fascism and is full of good propaganda material. But the immediate answer, I'm glad to say, is that they *don't* join the Fascists.

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I looked in to a television programme for the first time the other night. Still experimental, but extremely interesting. Films come over worst; potted sound repotted is not good. On the other hand, chamber music was more perfectly recorded than on any radio set I've ever heard with the additional pleasure of seeing the musician. The "actuality" part of the programme—a cabaret scene staged in the studio at Alexandra Palace, gave one a hint of the technical difficulties. All the lighting has to be carefully rehearsed and the costumes of the actors balanced. If, for instance, a man in a dark coat passes too near to the camera, he takes away the light from the opposite side of the stage. No one knows just how many television sets are in operation in London now—about 2,000 is the usual estimate. The number will remain small while there are only two short programmes in the day and while television sets remain so expensive. But I have not the slightest doubt that in ten years television will have made ordinary wireless as out of date as talkies have made silent films. The strange thing is that the B.B.C. starves television financially. Everyone at the Alexandra Palace is shockingly overworked; there are only four producers to sixty-five engineers and they all have to work at a pressure which would be impossible but for the enthusiasm and excitement of doing pioneering work. They know that the future belongs to them. What puzzles me is that Sir John Reith, who owes his present position to a faith in the future of radio at a time when others were sceptical, seems not to be awake to the terrific future before television.

CRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

Our prize of 5/- for the contribution at the head of the column goes this week to Mr. B. Fitzgerald Moore.

All cuttings should be addressed to "This England," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1.

Let its protagonists say what they will, the submarine never has been and never will be a British (italicised in original) weapon. For one thing, you cannot entirely eliminate, even in war, the sporting attitude of the British in their dealing with their fellow men, and there is something utterly foreign in the functions of a submarine to our every instinct.—*Nautical Magazine.*

To the right are the shoes Daliet Grand designed for Mainbocher. Classic pumps of mannish summer worsted in a grey-tone pepper-and-salt shade, trimmed with little bows of the same material. Mainbocher put these shoes with his grey air-raid costumes, along with grey gloves and grey hats. It is a camouflage idea. You are supposed to disappear into the grey pavements during an air-raid.—*Harper's Bazaar.*

The daily routine of a smart child is just as carefully systematised as are her clothes . . . a really mondaine child will have a mantelpiece crowded with tea invitations, and Nanny often has to have an engagement book to keep everything straight. . . The social life for children has become increasingly important the last few years. They must learn to play easily and naturally with other children.—*Vogue.*

Peeresses who take chocolate to the Abbey will place it in their inverted coronets. At the last Coronation they used them as sandwich holders.—*Daily Telegraph.*

To a mild accompaniment of hissing Diane Raye appeared in her "strip-tease" act at the Victoria Palace last night. The whole turn lasted seven minutes—only four minutes of which was the strip-teaser on the stage. For this some of the audience of 1,500 had been queueing up since 10 a.m. yesterday morning. In the stalls Mr. H. M. Tyrer, of the Public Morality Council, with which the Bishop of London is associated, watched the turn. "It is not strip tease as it is known in America," was his comment. "Representatives of my Council will watch every performance from now onwards."—*News Chronicle.*

The Sugar Conference . . . According to my information the Conference will not last very long. Some of the delegations at least have been informed that their suites in the hotels are wanted as soon as possible for Coronation visitors, and this will hasten the business.—London Letter in *Manchester Guardian.*

Unlucky at Gambling? Surrealist Forecast Cards, the invention of a famous mystic artist and author, can help you pick the winners on a scale which orthodoxy has never made possible. Send crossed postal order for 5*s*.—Advt. in *North Wales Weekly News.*

IRRITABILITY

IT is difficult not to sympathise with those railway-passengers who, having got into a through train to Edgware, were told at Colindale to get out and wait for another train. After all, they had got into the train on the understanding that it would carry them right to their destination, free from the discomfort of changing from one train into another. To have to change from one train to another is bad enough when one has been prepared for it by the time-table or by a warning from the ticket-examiner. It is intolerable when it happens without notice and when, just as one has begun to feel at home in one's seat, the train pulls up at a station and porters run along the platform calling out, "All change here!" in dictatorial

voices. I am not surprised that at Colindale some of the passengers refused to leave their seats. They had contracted for a through journey, and here they were being peremptorily ordered to accept a broken journey instead, and told in effect that if they did not like it they might lump it.

Englishmen have always had a secret dislike of officials, and, in circumstances like these, officials take on an aspect of peculiar malignancy. They who are paid to minister to our comfort seem to be perfectly cheerful in ministering to our discomfort. We also feel a resentment against fate in choosing *us* as the victims of its pin-pricks. Changing trains seems a small enough trifle when we hear of other people's having to do it; but when it happens to *us*, we begin to ask ourselves whether we are still living in the Middle Ages. We had put our faith in infallible twentieth-century machinery, and now the machine has failed us like an old medieval cart with a broken wheel. You may think this an exaggerated account of the feelings of the right-minded Englishman on being told to change at Colindale when he had understood that he was to be taken on to Edgware. That it is no exaggeration, however, is proved by the fact that so many of the passengers immediately organised a "sit-in" strike and refused to get out until they were told that, if they remained, they would be taken back in the opposite direction. Thereupon they showed that famous common sense that distinguishes the Englishman at a crisis; they got out and waited the necessary three minutes or so for the next train.

If one were shallow-minded, one might be tempted to regard the behaviour of these grousers and grumblers as petty. But, if one considers the matter deeply, one sees at once that their reactions to a difficult situation were intensely human. Man is born irritable, and nothing more irritating ever happened than to be turned unexpectedly out of a railway-train. There are more painful occurrences, more shocking occurrences, but none more maddening on its own level. I felt this acutely when I was turned out of a train at Calgary one evening last July. At Banff I had been shown into the most comfortable sleeping compartment I had yet known. It was air-conditioned and cool, and, though we were descending into a murderous heat-wave, I looked forward to this with equanimity. When the train reached Calgary, however, we were told that our particular carriage was to be left behind and that another one was to be attached to the train in its place. How reluctantly we tumbled, we and our luggage, out on to the platform! What a grievance we felt we had against fate and also against Canada and all its people, provinces and railway-systems! Our sense of grievance became trebly bitter when the substitute carriage arrived. It was a veteran that seemed to have been sleeping in the coal-dust in some siding since the days of Montcalm and Wolfe. It was not air-conditioned, had no water, and the dust in the sleeping-compartment was lying an inch thick, or what is called an inch thick. An English officer, who was travelling home with his wife from India, came into our compartment, drew a finger through the dust, and shook his head bitterly and silently. I shook my head back at him bitterly and silently. Neither of us dared trust himself to speak. Nor did our exasperation lessen as we sped through the night into a sweltering heat that no electric fan could mitigate. We felt, in fact, just like the passengers to Edgware who had to get out at Colindale. In other words, we felt that nothing so vilely cruel had ever happened to a human being before.

Even to have to change from one tram to another in London is a thing that I have always found irritating. This has not happened to me for some time, but it used to be fairly common for a tram to turn and go back before it had reached its destination, and for the passengers to have to get out and clamber into the following tram. It was a small thing but extremely annoying—the sort of thing I often meant to write to the *Times* about. Irritating things are always small, like insects in a lodging-house bed-room, but one would not be human if one were not irritated by them. I, for example, am human enough to be irritated every time I see aeroplane spelt "air-plane." Other people seem to be irritated every time they see airplane spelt "aeroplane." The world is so full of a number of irritating things that it is no wonder we are all as unhappy as dictators.

Unhappy? Yes, but only for the moment. Some people feel inarticulately bitter against fate when late arrivals at the theatre tread on their toes, or even bump against their knees. I feel the same exasperation with people who leave early. Mr. St. John Ervine is irritated by people who smoke beside him in the theatre, though I am glad to notice that smoking is permitted during the performance of his own play, *Anthony and Anna*. I have the greatest sympathy with the non-smoker in the irritation the smoker inflicts on him; but I can assure him that it is nothing in comparison with the irritation of not being allowed to smoke. Even those hardy smokers, the Americans, have rules against smoking in trains and cinemas that are profoundly irritating to the comparatively abstemious members of the island races. The drinking restrictions in various countries are also extremely irritating. They do very little harm, since it is usually possible for a man, whatever the restrictions, to get far more drink than is good for him; but it is annoying not to be able to get a drink wherever and whenever one likes. This applies to ginger beer no less than to whisky. I remember how intensely irritated I felt many years ago on going into a confectioner's one night for a bottle of ginger beer and on being told that I must go out and drink it in the street because drinking mineral waters on the premises was not permitted after ten o'clock except in a public house. The world is full of crazy laws that do very little harm but are a recurrent source of annoyance.

As for other irritating things, who can enumerate them? Some people are irritated even if guests arrive late for dinner. I myself have no passion for punctuality, but I am irritated if I am kept waiting—waiting for tea in a teashop, waiting to buy a book of stamps while two girls behind the post-office counter finish a conversation. I became so irritated waiting for *poste restante* letters in the office at Granada, while the official present went on filling in documents for something like half an hour without looking up to see what any one wanted, that I gave up my quest and left and never got my letters till they were returned to England some months later. There are some people so placid that they do not mind even being kept waiting, but I am convinced that an ordinary man must be deeply in love in order not to be irritated by other people's dilatoriness. I have never seen a man more irritated than a dentist who thought—and told me—that I had arrived late for an appointment. I produced a letter from my pocket showing that it was he and not I who was mistaken in the hour for the appointment; but that only doubled his irritation, for he was now extra-irritated at having been proved wrong. I had a most unpleasant twenty minutes in his chair.

I am afraid we expect too much of life. We expect everything to go smoothly, all work to proceed like clockwork, and everybody except ourselves invariably to do the right thing at the right moment. Unhappily, other people are horribly imperfect, and do all sorts of things, not necessarily from malice, to annoy us. Two business-men in a London restaurant the other day complained to the manager because the lunchers at another table were laughing too loud. Other people are irritated if the conductor of the bus in which they are riding whistles "Red Sails in the Sunset" at his work. I myself am unreasonably irritated if bus-conductors do not say "Thank you" when collecting the fares. But then almost everything irritates me. I am irritated if there are no matches in the room, or if a newspaper that I want has been thrown into the waste-paper basket, or by a recalcitrant shoe-lace that has lost its tag. Wasps in the bedroom irritate me, and most people's wireless. Then there are motorists and cyclists and pedestrians—the three abominations of the roads. Then there is also myself, never putting anything in its right place and mislaying everything from a dictionary to a railway-ticket—the most exasperating human being it

has ever been my lot to encounter. Often as I have been irritated by railway companies, I have a hundred times oftener been irritated by my silly self. I have no doubt the passengers to Edgware have had much the same experience. Y. Y.

Correspondence

MODERN SCHOOLS

SIR,—We are enthusiastic believers in the so-called "modern" system of education, but we have found that some "modern" schools are far from satisfactory. This type of school needs the very best teachers, and it does not appear to get them. The reason is not difficult to find. Teaching in many "modern" schools is a disgracefully sweated industry, the scale of pay seldom approaching Burnham scale (sometimes there is even no pension scheme). Bertrand Russell has said that no one should teach for more than two or three hours a day, but hours of actual teaching in certain of these schools are often longer than in "ordinary" secondary schools. No doubt some good teachers are keen enough to put up with these conditions (particularly when they are told that the pay, etc., will improve "next year"); but most will prefer the still-frugal fleshpots of "ordinary" education, which at the present day often allows more latitude and progressiveness than the "modernists" realise. The lack of endowments and grants makes it difficult for "modern" schools to make ends meet, but we know of cases where the staff are paid badly while extravagant building schemes have gone on. Surely it is better to have a first-rate staff (which is a necessity for a "modern" school) and a third-rate building than the reverse?

The inefficiency of some of these schools is due not only to deficiencies in the staff, but also to the "governing bodies." While the schools are supposed to be run on a "democratic basis," actually everything important (such as salaries, buildings, etc.) is decided by a committee consisting of amateurs with excellent intentions, no knowledge whatever of conditions in the school, mild Socialist views and (usually) substantial private incomes. The assistant staff may have no say whatever in the control.

TWO EX-VICTIMS

SIR,—Mrs. Estcourt, commenting on my article in your issue of March 27th, seems to limit the use of the term "education" to education in schools. I do not so limit it. A normal child's most continuous education is the training it receives at home—a point which I hoped I had made clear. This training is usually supplemented by "schooling" of some sort; and I bow to Mrs. Estcourt's superior knowledge of the workings of modern schools—my own knowledge is, as I have said, derived largely from books—but I disagree with her estimate of their results. The students of whom I wrote are not devoting themselves to "the vile monotonies of our modern business and industrial world" but to an artistic career of their own free choice; and any "fitting of the conditions to human beings" would merely mean, in their case, a lowering of the standard of achievement to fit their capacity.

I am extremely glad to learn that what Mrs. Estcourt calls a "framework" (which, from the context, I take to be the opposite of freedom) is now provided for the child. Perhaps my successors will find their students better fitted for the carrying out of their ambitions than I have found mine. In so far as modern educational theory does what Mrs. Estcourt says it sets out to do, it corresponds with my definition of the aims of education. My quarrel with it is that it doesn't do it. I do not ask that minds should be "moulded" in any sort of pattern; I ask that they shall be exercised and their faculties strengthened, not weakened.

When Mrs. Estcourt asks whether I think the average product of old-fashioned education is a successful human being, I say: "the average—yes." And I ask her in return whether she thinks the existing state of world affairs, social and political, shows that we are, as she suggests, every day getting better and better.

W. L. S.

SIR,—I have been cheered to notice references to educational problems in your recent issues. I often feel that we of the Left do not realise the importance of education in the creation of the Socialist state. When we think of schools we tend to exaggerate the importance of modern experimental schools and forget that nine-tenths of the population are educated elsewhere. We ought to be interested therefore in ordinary elementary and secondary schools, because it is to their product we must look for the inhabitants of the successful future state.

I should like to reinforce Mrs. Estcourt's objections to "W. L. S.'s" article with its implied defence of the more traditional methods of education. I teach in a county secondary school in a town with a long-standing educational tradition. The school is brilliantly organised for examination purposes and succeeds only too well in its struggle with the School Certificate Examiners. The staff are selected chiefly with this object in view. The process of training the mind, developing the cultural interests and educating the future citizen—these are all subordinated to the School Certificate with its retinue of mark lists, reports and detentions. Most schools of its type are very similar if not so successful.

It seems to me, on these grounds, that we must encourage all forms of educational experiment in curriculum, discipline and teaching methods which will help to produce an enlightened population. So-called "modern" schools are now doing most of this experimental work, and we must not condemn them until the "pudding" has been longer in the making. It is, of course, impossible to condemn "modern" schools in the mass—it seems almost inevitable that traditional schools with some few exceptions should be so condemned.

The normal Socialist seems satisfied with the provision of beautiful buildings and playing fields, with well paid and well trained staffs. He tends to ignore the spirit behind the educational system, and does not concern himself about the production of enlightened citizens—if not of enlightened Socialists.

Since we must have an educational system let us see that it is progressive and forward-looking. This is a matter which affects local education authorities, the ordinary parent and taxpayer, as well as the teacher. What do they propose to do about it?

HEDIA

THE LEFT BOOK CLUB

SIR,—The Left Book Club is obviously becoming one of the outstanding political portents of the time. The last published figures of the Club's membership were 38,000. This is a membership much bigger than any political party of the Left has ever been able to aspire to, and in very many ways it is a membership that means more than the membership of a political party. Anybody who has been an active worker in any political organisation will agree that one of the main obstacles in the way of making that organisation fully effective is the difficulty there is in getting a large percentage of the membership to make itself acquainted with the published material put out under the aegis of the organisation, small though this must inevitably be in comparison with the output of the Left Book Club.

The 38,000 members of the Left Book Club, however, undertake to receive a book once a month and to pay 2*s.* 6*d.* for it, and it can be assumed that a high proportion of the membership will read the majority of the books received. After a year or two of this regime it can be anticipated that there will be a body of informed opinion in the country such as has never existed before. The potentialities of the conception are thus so great that it is highly desirable that such an undertaking should stand on a fully satisfactory foundation and, if you will permit me, I should like to submit that on the basis of its present control it cannot be claimed that this exists in relation to the Left Book Club.

The committee that selects the books each month consists of Messrs. Laski, Strachey, and Gollancz. Now it can safely be assumed from the personnel of this selecting committee that the output of the Club will be predominantly of a type to satisfy the Communist point of view and the near-Communist outlook represented in the Popular Front conception; and an examination of the books already issued under the auspices of the Club fully bears out this assumption. This means that the body of opinion developed on the basis of the Club will be given a particular direction and that certain schools of thought which can be properly designated "Left" will find very little expression in the volumes which constitute the output of the Club. It can be assumed that it is not the intention of such a Club to publish works expressing an orthodox or right-wing Labour Party point of view; but as instances of "Left" attitude which are not likely to get a reasonable place the points of view represented by the Independent Labour Party and the Socialist League may be cited, and also the point of view generally described as Trotskyist.

I suggest that if a book club is to cater for the Workers' Movement in the way the Left Book Club purports to do, the selecting

committee should be representative of a much wider range of Socialist thought.

This brings me to the second and perhaps the more important aspect of my criticism. While every congratulation can be given to Messrs. Gollancz for their initiative and enterprise in launching the idea of a club of this kind it is, I suggest, highly undesirable that a club catering for the political thought of the workers should be tied up to any single publishing house. At present there are a number of publishing firms which publish a fair proportion of volumes expressive of different schools of Socialist thought. Before the coming of the Left Book Club these had a fair chance between them of providing for the expression of points of view covering the whole field of "Left" thought. The inauguration of the Left Book Club, however, is bound very largely to canalise into one direction the book demands of the workers who are politically alive, and the publishing houses who have been able to do valuable work in maintaining a free press for Socialist thought run the very serious danger of being starved out.

I should like to suggest that the only satisfactory basis for such a book club is that its control should be vested in a more widely representative committee which is completely free from any attachment to a specific publishing house. Such a committee should organise its membership and should be free to examine manuscripts submitted to it by any publisher who cares to do so. Acceptable volumes should be adopted by the committee of the club and taken on special club terms from the publisher. It would, of course, be open to the committee also to examine manuscripts submitted by authors before they have been accepted by any publisher. Only in this way will it be possible to obtain the great advantage that arises from the book club conception without doing serious damage to the channels of free expression of "Left" viewpoints.

It would be a tragedy if the most serious step for the dragooning of the free expression of opinion were to come not from the Right but from the Left.

J. ALLEN SKINNER

19 Milton Chambers,
Cheyne Walk,
London, S.W.10.

UNIVERSITY HOOLIGANISM

SIR,—I have read Mr. Cohen's long letter in which he suggests that I lack sensibility. I do not think that this is true, but I am certainly concerned to see that sensibility is fittingly conjoined with sense.

Mr. Cohen insists that Great Britain, as a sponsor of the Minorities Treaties, which he admits are to-day obsolete, has "a special duty" to intervene with the Governments of Hungary, Poland and Rumania in order to secure the alteration of certain time-honoured statutes, governing the administration of their universities, which Mr. Cohen regards as desirable.

I have as great a horror of brutality and inhumanity as anyone, but I fail to see the advantage of insisting upon "a special duty" which will never be generally recognised, or upon any abstract "principles of humanity," which are merely a phrase.

Mr. Cohen misrepresents me when he says that I wish "to restrain the expression of any humanitarian feeling on behalf of people outside this country." I said that intervention was impossible, not that protests and expressions of sympathy were undesirable. I would certainly protest as energetically as I could against foreign inhumanities, so long as there was a chance of doing good, and so long as I did not weaken, by too much use, the value of the protest.

Nothing but harm can result from flourishing a paper-knife and persuading oneself that it is a sword. Mr. Cohen should be brave enough to accept the fact that in the case of riots at Cracow University, as in the case of murder at Addis Ababa, Barcelona, or Badajoz, extraneous intervention can do no good but may do positive harm. Let us put first things first. There is so much that cries out for sympathy and redress at home. The majority of mankind are eager to do right, but they will only learn from example and not from precept. The man who is continuously ranging the world from China to Peru in search of the wrongs of oppressed minorities to succour, who pays regard to "every century but this and every country but his own" and who neglects the work which lies to hand at his own doorstep, is never the best and truest lover of humanity. There is no short and easy way of laying the ghost of racial and religious strife in Eastern Europe. The process is bound to be a long one. But the surest, indeed the only road to follow, is to guard with might and main the example of decent, ordered, tolerant, happy and prosperous living which the countries of the British Commonwealth can show, and certain other countries, like Switzerland, as well, which have long been politically mature. We must have faith that this example will finally prevail because men are so made that they must still follow the highest when they see it.

14A Berkeley Street, W.1. PHILIP M. MAGNUS

SIR,—Sir Philip Magnus speaks in your last issue of Pecs as though it were Timbuctoo and of the mutilation of a Professor as a "childish excess."

I have recently returned from Warsaw where the University was closed because of Endek rioting. I can vouch that the torments which the Jewish students suffer are a near reality and that the barbarisms of the Endeki are a symptom of an infectious disease called Fascism, from whose dangers not even those who hide in their mental backyards are immune. Hooliganism in Pecs and hooliganism in Bethnal Green have the same origin. Culture, like peace, is indivisible.

To protest, therefore, against student hooliganism in Pecs, Debreczin and Cluj is to defend one's self against the possibility of Fascist hooliganism in our own Universities—even if one, like Sir Philip Magnus, is apparently not prepared to interfere on humanitarian grounds with the bludgeoning, garrotting and torturing of Jewish students in remote places like Warsaw.

Whewell House, MAURICE EDELMAN
Mill Hill, London, N.W.7.

BIRCHING OF BOYS

SIR,—The remarks of "Polycritic" on the promised Departmental Committee on the Birching of Children, while perhaps taking more part in passion than in argument, demand the attention of all concerned with the education of the young, and the problems of our responsibility to them. These remarks should be taken in conjunction with the article, "The Proof of the Pudding," which appropriately appeared in the same issue. For the matter of birching children is an educational problem and one having deeper implications than the actions or antique ideas of a few magistrates.

I take leave to doubt whether the increase in juvenile delinquency is as great as is supposed. I do not doubt that there are more cases actually before the Courts, but I am inclined to believe that this may be due to (1) The institution of Children's Courts. Previous to the existence of such Courts many cases would have escaped public inquiry. (2) Better methods of diagnosis and a slightly heightened social conscience. Underlying all this, however, are the old original causes, faulty education, more faulty home influences, and the divided family. What can be expected of children who have seen no standards of conduct in their elders, and have no demands made upon their own self-discipline? I would certainly not ask parents to give doctrinal religious teaching in which they themselves do not believe; but does that excuse them from taking any pains to find and maintain standards of conduct and thought for themselves and their children, consonant in some degree with the higher ethical and European consciousness? They shirk it, especially among the middle classes, and take refuge from an admitted difficulty in pretence theories of self-expression, etc., with the resulting unwillingness and inability in many of the young to-day to concentrate or face up to any difficult situation. I am no traditionalist, Sir, but of what use is a social organisation to us at all, unless we can hand on, quickly and reasonably, accumulated experience and knowledge? The absurdity to which theories of freedom in choice and action and speech has been carried is apparent to anyone who tries to bring an unbiased judgment to the practical methods and issues of education. Freedom of choice is excellent and should be a fundamental in all dealings with youth, but it is a fact that too much freedom, especially when extended to such things as school time-tables, can become nothing but a worry and an impediment to children. All subjects are difficult at the beginning and many of them are dull, but neither the individual nor the society gains anything by retreat. I am all for freedom, for reason, for discussion, for responsibility, but in doses suited to the age and capacity of the recipient. It is mere foolishness to treat a child mentally as an adult when no one would dream of giving it a corresponding physical freedom. How can we know unless we are shown? There is none the less a vast gulf fixed between the formal imparting of knowledge in the class room and the development of the powers of observation and experiment, the uses of technique, perseverance and the finer points of critical taste. I do not agree with W. L. S. in his strictures on the boarding

school. I think the proper place for young children is at home, but that cannot always be achieved. The fault lies not in the idea of a boarding school but in the "factory" system as a whole. Children cannot be educated in large masses, but, unfortunately, with schools as with many other branches of life, the misapprehension that the bigger it is the better continues to hold. Here I speak with some practical knowledge, having dealt with children psychologically for many years, and also run a small boarding school along my own lines. A small co-educational school, containing children of all ages with an adequate staff, can reproduce a home life and indeed in many cases can give more stimulus and a wider life than the single home. Especially is this the case with the modern small family.

Clearly all these are matters for discussion and experiment, but a Departmental Committee which simply abolishes birching and pays no attention to habit formation in the young will simply do harm, just as Children's Courts do harm while they persist in dealing with the delinquency and omit to make education authorities assume the full reformative powers given them by the Children's Act. A. A. F.

WORKMEN'S COMPENSATION

SIR,—Your correspondent in choosing for criticism the system of lump sum settlements has chosen one of the least of the evils of the present system and even in this criticism he takes as typical the case in which an employer if he wishes to redeem has to pay the annuity value of three-quarters of the weekly payment. He does not explain that this actuarial calculation only applies to cases of *total* and *permanent* disablement—a very rare state to be admitted or urged by an employer. The vast majority of cases of settlement are those in which the extent and duration of the incapacity are subject to dispute. There is no doubt that the workmen are swindled in many settlements, in spite of the protection which the approval of the County Court Registrar is supposed to give. Prohibition of the lump sum settlement is useless; there are many cases—e.g., for the neurasthenic workman—in which a settlement is much more satisfactory than the continuance of the inadequate weekly payment. Your correspondent does not appear to be aware that this question is at present the subject of an investigation, by a departmental Committee. On this Committee are workers' representatives and the T.U.C. and others who are interested on the workers' side have given evidence and the report is expected shortly, and it is quite inaccurate to say that the question is seldom referred to by workmen's representatives.

There are so many scandals in the whole system that it is impossible to criticise them in the available space. The gross inadequacy of the weekly payment; the expensive and farcical methods of settling disputes; the growth of an army of medical men who fight as advocates; the technicality and stupidity of the legal phraseology; these are a few of the scandals. When they and many others are understood by the public it will be realised that the only course is to sweep away the whole system and substitute it by some such scheme as has been proposed to the House of Commons by the Labour Party on more than one occasion. W. H. THOMPSON

88 Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.

SIR,—There is so much to be said for the revision of the Workmen's Compensation Acts that your correspondent might well have reserved the *argumentum ad hominem* method for a less promising case. It is both misleading and unhelpful to represent the Insurance Company as dictating arbitrary and harsh terms to an uninformed and defenceless workman. It is, in fact, very rarely that a workman negotiates directly with his employers or their insurers. If the man has not at the outset placed his claim in the capable hands of his Trade Union or Approved Society (and he usually does) there is no dearth of those who are willing and anxious to protect his interests at a fee ultimately payable by the Insurance Company. In such instances as the workman does not receive expert advice (and there are very few) a final safeguard remains, for no agreement as to the redemption of a weekly payment by a lump sum is valid unless approved and duly recorded by the Registrar of the County Court. This official carefully considers the terms and facts of every case, and frequently interviews the workman himself. If he is not satisfied he may refer the matter to the County Court Judge or, as often happens, refuse to record the Memorandum, but indicate the terms he would consider with favour. Except, therefore, as provided by Section 13 of the Act, the workman may at all times freely elect whether to continue to receive his weekly payment or redeem it by a lump sum. In the latter event his choice must be ratified by an impartial tribunal expressly created to exclude exploitation.

The process by which the Insurance Company reduces the compensation of a workman who is partially recovered, preparatory to "getting rid of their liability" at "a bargain basement price," is described by your correspondent with a simplicity that would convince were it based on fact rather than on fancy. In the first place, it is open to every workman to file a Memorandum in respect of his weekly payment, and when he has done so neither the employer nor his insurer has any power arbitrally to reduce the compensation. It is not what the Insurance Company says about the workman's capacity for light work, but what they can prove, that matters, and they must be able to support their contentions by medical evidence. Secondly, the amending Act of 1931 (which your correspondent completely ignores) now empowers the Judge to treat partial incapacity as total in the circumstances of the example the article quotes.

I would agree that the whole question of Workmen's Compensation needs to be worked out again on much broader and more humane lines. The maximum rate of compensation (30*s*.) is iniquitous. The difference between the amount disbursed annually by employers or their insurers and the amount that finally reaches the workman gives grounds for serious misgivings. The whole matter of occupational diseases is unsatisfactory. There are, indeed, many anomalies, but I protest against the suggestion that the present inadequate Acts are abused by the Insurance Companies that help to administrate them. W. H. GEE

Bolton Road, Bury, Lancs.

"YOU'RE MY CUP OF TEA"

SIR,—I wonder if any of your readers could explain how the phrase "You're my cup of tea" originated?

Tea, quite naturally, has played a notable part in the making of English idioms, but the phrase personifying a cup of tea is new to me. It appears, as many will know, in that tuneful contemporary song: "It's unbelievable, that you're my cup of tea."

16 Queens Road, Dalston, E.8. DOUGLAS DAVIS

DOCTORS—NEW AND OLD

SIR,—I don't think that Dr. Harding and I need take up more of your space in discussing the increasingly small difference between us. In his last letter, Dr. Harding says that he sees that he has not made his point clear. So with me. May I ask my critic to read once more my article in your issue of March 6th? If he will, I think he will find that I have tried to show "both sides of the picture." For myself, I can agree with nearly everything that Dr. Harding says, without wishing to alter a single word of the article that has provoked his comments. As to prontosil, I would suggest that over-enthusiastic practitioners would be wise to read an article by Dr. Massingham in the current number of *The Practitioner*. Personally, I hope and believe that in para-aminobenzene sulphonamide we have an addition to our therapeutic armoury no less valuable than quinine or digitalis; but previous experience may well make us cautious in speech until a little more evidence has been accumulated.

HARRY ROBERTS

CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM

SIR,—My friend, the late Mr. R. B. Cunninghame Graham, appointed me to write his biography. I should be grateful if any of your readers who have letters or any other documents by him, or reminiscences of him, would allow me to see them and use them in this biography. Any such documents sent to me would, of course, be returned with care to the senders.

32 Linden Gardens, W.2. A. F. TSCHIFFELY

CARLYLE ON CORONATIONS

SIR,—The following extract is from a letter written by Thomas Carlyle to his wife on 8th September, 1831:

> This morning I went for a frank, and half incidentally saw the coronation procession, which seventy or eighty thousand woodenheads besides were looking at. It only detained me some five or ten minutes. . . . Quantities of caps and feathers, and then at last the royal carriage all made of glass and gilding, more like a huge glass Lantern than anything I ever saw; and there the poor old King and poor ugly Queen, dimly seen sitting like two foolish wax-

dolls (which they were) letting themselves be trailed, in their lantern go-cart. What took me I know not: but I burst into the heartiest fit of laughter I have had for some time: and perhaps one ought rather to have cried; for it was the ghost of the Past perhaps taking *final* leave of the world, where as body or as ghost it has now walked for some three thousand years! Poor King! they will be consecrating and *clothing* him even now in that old Abbey; and what avails it to him or to me or to any man or woman! *Ex nihilo nihil fit.*

4 Taviton Street, W.C.1. SAMUEL CARR

Miscellany

ANSWER TO PRAYER

THE Archbishop was perplexed by his own state of mind. Maybe the shadow of age was falling upon him, he thought, maybe he had been overworking, maybe the situation had been too complex for him and he was feeling the reality of a failure without seeing it plainly as a definable fact. But his nerve, which had never failed him hitherto, was failing him now. In small things as in important matters he no longer showed the quick decisiveness that had hitherto been the envy of his fellow ecclesiastics and the admiration of his friends. He doubted now before he went upstairs or downstairs, with a curious feeling that he might find something unexpected on the landing. He hesitated before he rang a bell, with a vague uncertainty of who or what might appear. Before he took up the letters his secretary had opened for him he had a faint twinge of apprehension.

Had he after all done something wrong or acted in a mistaken spirit?

People who had always been nice to him showed a certain coolness, people from whom he would have least expected it. His secretaries, he knew, were keeping back "open letters" and grossly abusive comments. The reassurances and encouragements that flowed in to him were anything but reassuring, because their volume and their tone reflected what was hidden from him on the other side. Had he, at the end of his long, tortuous and hitherto quite dignified career, made a howler?

There was no one on earth to whom he could confide his trouble. He had always been a man who kept his own counsel. But now, if only he could find understanding, sympathy, endorsement! If he could really put things as he saw them, if he could simplify the whole confused affair down to essentials and make his stand plain and clear.

Prayer?

If anyone else had come to him in this sort of quandary, he would have told him at once to pray. If it was a woman he would have patted the shoulder gently, as an elderly man may do, and he would have said very softly in that rich kind voice of his, "Try Prayer, my dear. Try Prayer."

Physician heal thyself. Why not try prayer?

He stood hesitatingly between his apartments and his little private oratory. He stood in what was his habitual children's-service attitude with his hands together in front of him, his head a little on one side and something faintly bland and whimsical about him. It came to him that he himself had not made a personal and particular appeal to God for many years. It had seemed unnecessary. It had indeed been unnecessary. He had of course said his prayers with the utmost regularity, not only in the presence of others, but, being essentially an honest man, even when he was alone. He had never cheated about prayer. He had felt it was a purifying and beneficial process, no more to be missed than cleaning his teeth, but his sense of a definite hearer, listening at the other end of the telephone, so to speak, behind the veil, had always been a faint one. The reception away there was in the Absolute, in Eternity, beyond the stars. Which indeed left the church conveniently free to take an unembarrassed course of action. . . .

But in this particular tangle, the Archbishop wanted something more definite. If for once, he did not trouble about style and manner. . . .

If he put the case simply, quite simply, just as he saw it, and remained very still on his knees, wouldn't he presently find this neuralgic fretting of his mind abating, and that assurance, that clear self-assurance that had hitherto been his strength, returning to him? He must not be in the least oily—they had actually been calling him oily—he must be perfectly direct and simple and fearless. He must pray straightforwardly to the silence as one mind to another.

It was a little like the practice of some Dissenters and Quakers, but maybe it would be none the less effective on that account.

Yes, he would pray.

Slowly he sank to his knees and put his hands together. He was touched by a sort of childish trustfulness in his own attitude. "Oh God," he began, and paused.

He paused, and a sense of awful imminence, a monstrous awe, gripped him. And then he heard a voice.

It was not a harsh voice, but it was a clear strong voice. There was nothing about it still or small. It was neither friendly nor hostile; it was brisk.

"*Yes*," said the voice. "*What is it?*"

They found His Grace in the morning. He had slipped off the steps on which he had been kneeling and lay, sprawling on the crimson carpet. Plainly his death had been instantaneous.

But instead of the serenity, the almost fatuous serenity, that was his habitual expression, his countenance, by some strange freak of nature, displayed an extremity of terror and dismay.

H. G. WELLS

THE ART OF ACTING AND OF TEACHING ACTING

CONSTANTIN STANISLAVSKY, the famous founder and director of the Moscow Art Theatre, published some years ago an extremely interesting book which he called *My Life in Art*. It was especially stimulating to actors and critics. He has now written another which describes the preparation of a young actor for his life's work.* It is Stanislavsky's legacy; his record of the methods by which the Moscow Art Company was trained. It is intended to be of service to those who come after him. The translator describes it as a book on "the grammar of acting." I have never produced a play, and only once watched a play being produced from the beginning to its first performance. Therefore I speak with diffidence. But the book does not strike me as standing in the same relation to the art of acting as a grammar does to that of writing. It resembles rather a treatise on the philosophy of language underlying grammar. Do not therefore look first for rules, hints, tips, in this book or you will be disappointed. What can be learnt from it is something vaguer—an attitude towards the art of acting. And it must be added, the manner in which that is suggested by the director is suitable to a type of mind more commonly found, no doubt, in Russian than in English or French students. The director's explanations are often calculated to confuse the English or French actor—at least so it seems to me. His aim is to suggest to his pupils methods by which they may become mirrors of the world of emotions, and this implies constantly drawing their attention to the workings of their own minds. They are addressed to those who are congenitally introspective, and therefore intensely interested in such matters. Now the English mind is not as introspective as the Russian, and when the English actor is told to look within his attention must be directed more clearly to some definite psychological fact than Stanislavsky always found it necessary to do with his pupils. All he had to do with them was to start them on a journey of self-discovery among the mazes of their own minds; and they, without asking exactly what he meant in terms of scientific truth,

* An Actor Prepares, by Constantin Stanislavsky. *Bles.* 15s.

without questioning his preliminary definitions (often to me disputable) would start delightedly exploring, getting " hotter and hotter " as we say in the game of hunt the thimble.

Indeed, a great part of this book reminds me of that parlour-game: The director seated at the psychological piano and playing louder and louder, or more softly, as the players approach, or recede from, the spot where the thimble is hidden. It is a method which implies a peculiar introspective zest in his pupils more common, I suggest, in Russian than in English men and women. But the proof of a method is in its results, and by all accounts the Moscow Art Theatre was one of the seven wonders of the world.

The artistic problem of the actor studying a part, however small, has three aspects. (*a*) What is the point of it—" the objective " as Stanislavsky calls it? (*b*) What is its relation to the rest of the play? (For any part is as much a *relation to the play* as an impersonation in itself.) (*c*) How am I to *become* that person whom I impersonate? The last is, of course, a general question which involves the whole art of acting. Now one of the things which the director in this book (Stanislavsky himself, though he figures as a fictious person, Tortsov) does is to ask his pupils what they think is " the objective " of a particular part or of a scene between two characters. Take the scene between Brand, in Ibsen's play, and his wife. The answer is easy and is given at once. Fanatical severity on the one side and instinctive mother-love on the other. Well, says Tortsov, let us try it on those lines. They try and it is not much of a success. The result is too abstract. Brand frowns and stamps vigorously, his wife is touching but somehow insipid. " What you are acting," says the director, " is theatrical and representational, and as such is *not* art in our sense." (His stress throughout is on sincerity of emotion.) Now, he goes on, if in describing " the objective " we used instead of nouns (fanaticism versus mother-love) *verbs*, " I *wish* to do so and so," " I wish to feel my power," " I wish to make her feel responsibility towards humanity in general," and on the woman's side " I *wish* to remember my dead child "; now let us see how the scene goes. It goes much better. And then the director draws the moral:

> Every one of the objectives you have chosen is, in a way, true and calls for some degree of action, said the Director. Those of you who are of lively temperament might find little to appeal to your emotions in " I wish to remember my dead child." You would prefer to appeal to your emotions in " I wish to take hold of him and never let go." Of what? Of the things, memories, thoughts of the dead child. . . It seems to me that you have given the answer to your own question why it is necessary to use a *verb* instead of a noun in choosing an objective.

There, though the phraseology is not as distinct as I could personally wish it to be, speaks the born teacher of acting. He is perpetually seeking *the* suggestion which will release emotional sincerity in his pupils.

I cannot follow him in detail here, too complicated are the clues he bids them follow in learning how to concentrate attention, cultivate emotion-memories and body memories, tap the subconscious, etc., etc.; but this one example will illustrate his methods.

What is remarkable and important about Stanislavsky's teaching is that it gets rid of that idea that acting is merely mimicry, merely a physical thing; a notion which has been responsible for degrading acting to a lower place among the arts. The infection which the reader carries away from this book is a feeling (and how stimulating this must be to the student!) that the actor and actress, as artist, uses the mind, the soul, every bit as much as a writer does in the creation of character and situation. In fact, it is only through the use of all the faculties those words imply that even gesture, facial expression and intonation can be thoroughly right on the stage.

My interest in his book—though, as I said, I found it in places difficult to follow—has been increased by a visit to the London Theatre Studio, where the pupils of M. Saint-Denis have been giving a series of performances during the week after four terms' work. By a piece of luck we have now in this country an artist and teacher whose methods do not limit the curriculum to learning, however efficiently, the tricks of the trade. An attitude towards the actor's art is inculcated in addition to the training in muscular suppleness, voice production, mimicry of physical gestures, etc., which are, as Stanislavsky also insists, so important a part of the mechanics of acting. That is to say it is, incidentally, also an education. But the proof of the pudding is in the eating; and I have never enjoyed more a performance by students. As a rule, a students' performance is one which one watches with sympathetic distress, eagerly greeting some passage in it rather better than the rest, looking at one's feet or one's programme during others. In the small studio-theatre at Islington I did nothing of the kind; I often sat self-forgetful and moved. It sounds incredible, but the scene in the forest from *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, in certain respects, pleased me more than any professional rendering I had seen. The producer in this case was Mr. Marcus Goring. It had shortcomings, of course it had. The students in their anxiety to put life into the delivery of the words often *gabbled* dramatically. Hurried dramatic utterance requires great virtuosity if distinctness is to be preserved. The confrontation of Oberon and Titania was hardly dramatic enough. In their jealousy and bitterness they should have the beauty of angry wasps. But Oberon (though his accent left something to be desired) spoke his speeches with a delicate elocution, while in repose his presence was often extremely striking. Puck, as a child robin goodfellow, had not a touch of the self-consciousness that has ruined many a Puck, and the bewildered lovers, Demetrius and Helena, Lysander and Hermia were spirited and distressful and comic to an admirable degree. The effect of morning, the gradual dawning of fact, after the night of magic, was better suggested than I have seen it suggested before. At the sound of Theseus's chiming hounds confusion *gradually* clears away—poetically, humorously.

The first act of *The Three Sisters* was obviously a students' performance, but it was one which showed a nice sense in several of the actors, though imperfectly conveyed, of what Stanislavsky would call " the objectives " of those parts. As a performance it was (naturally enough) too slow and not adroit enough. But the star of the evening's entertainment was Mr. Carl Wildman's *Judith*. It was most impressive. Here we had a story told by means of a chorus of patriot-Jews with the central scene presented (the killing of Holofernes) as an actuality. No one has understood so well as M. Saint-Denis the dramatic power of the chorus, enabling the poet, or even perhaps the realist, to dramatise the epic motive. The secret of a living emotion-conducting chorus is that though the actors speak and at moments move in unison, each speaks and moves in a personal individual way. This removes the effect out of the category of congregational responses and conveys a richness of emotional effect that the communal murmur of, say, church services or chanted rhythms never have. Those rhythms in the songs of Hebrew rejoicings have their place, but what struck me was the variety in unity of these student choruses. The evening closed with a representation of a fair, showing that knockabout spontaneity and improvised fun were also part of the London Theatre Studio's curriculum—a part most necessary to loosen the impulses of the young actor or actress.

I came away feeling that here was a school which taught that the art of acting was not a mere bundle of adroit tricks or the exploitation of a romantic personality, also that the way to teach the technique is to lead each student up to his or her particular problem and leave him or her to solve it. More power to M. Saint-Denis and good luck, for his methods may well lead to fine acting. It was a good idea instead of ending a term with a single performance to teach the young the difficulty of holding and repeating effects which the excitement of a single performance might have helped them to attain. I dare say they drooped some nights, and I can only say that on Monday last they delighted me.

DESMOND MACCARTHY

THE OPERA SEASON

THERE are to be two important seasons of opera this summer, one at Covent Garden and the other at Glyndebourne. The season at Covent Garden will begin a little earlier than usual this year, namely on Monday, April 19th, when Sir Thomas Beecham will conduct *Otello* on the opening night with a fine Italian cast, including the tenor Martinelli (Otello), who has not sung at Covent Garden for very many years, and a new soprano, Fernanda Ciani, as Desdemona, who has not appeared hitherto in this country but has come right to the front in the last few years in Italy. More than usual interest will be given to the two cycles of Wagner's "Ring" by the fact that Furtwängler is to conduct them. He is the ideal living conductor for this music; nobody can make so much of it, not even Toscanini; nobody is spiritually so much at home in it, decidedly not Toscanini even if we admit that he shares the weakness of the "star" actor to want to shine in inferior plays. And here I must make a short digression. Toscanini is coming to conduct a series of symphony concerts later in the summer with the B.B.C. orchestra. It is to be hoped that great care will be taken over the programmes. We do not want to hear Toscanini conduct the same programmes as before. Instead of Beethoven's seventh symphony can we not have the ninth and perhaps Verdi's *Requiem?* Then we have heard him so often in Brahms's symphonies that it would be more interesting to hear him do, for example, Berlioz's *Symphonie Fantastique*. An occasion such as this ought to be considered purely from a musical point of view. What does the little more expense involved in a choir matter in comparison with the opportunity of hearing Toscanini conduct the Beethoven Mass in D, the Requiem of Verdi, of Mozart or of Berlioz?

At Covent Garden we are, at last, going to have several novelties. The first is the delightful Donizetti opera *Don Pasquale*, which will be given for the first time for very many years on Wednesday, April 21st. On Tuesday, April 20th, we are to have the first performance in England by a combined force from the Paris Grand Opera and Opera Comique of Dukas' *Ariane et Barbe-Bleue*, which is considered to be one of the finest of modern French operas. The same company under the conductor Philippe Gaubert will be responsible for Debussy's *Pelléas et Mélisande* later in the season, and on Thursday, May 6th, for Gluck's *Alceste*. These operas will be sung in French, and the scenery and costumes will be brought from Paris. *Alceste* is a particularly welcome revival, and I think the times are most favourable now for an adequate appreciation by both the critics and the public of this masterpiece of music drama.

In addition there will be performances of *Aida* under that excellent Italian conductor Francesco Salfi, who will also conduct *Don Pasquale*. The presence of Signor Salfi makes me regret that the management is not presenting Rossini's *William Tell* instead of *Aida*, because it is so long since we heard an adequate performance of it at Covent Garden, but a good *Aida* is always worth hearing. Fritz Reiner will conduct *Parsifal* and John Barbirolli *Turandot*. Later in the season Eugene Goossens will conduct his own opera, *Don Juan de Manara*, with the libretto of Arnold Bennett. Sir Thomas Beecham and his fellow-directors may be congratulated on having provided an interesting and enterprising programme for the coming season. Now for Glyndebourne.

This year nothing is being added to the Glyndebourne programme, which will be a Mozart Festival, the whole season from May 19th to July 3rd being devoted to the five operas, *Die Zauberflöte*, *Don Giovanni*, *Le Nozze de Figaro*, *Cosi fan Tutte* and *Die Entführung aus dem Serail*. Parts of these operas are to be broadcast this year, so that these performances will interest a much wider public than before. In a Mozart festival I cannot but regret that Mr. Christie and Herr Fritz Busch have not been able to add a production of *Idomeneo* this year to the season. But I hope this will be done next year, for in some ways *Idomeneo* is the greatest of all Mozart's operas, and justice has never yet been done to it for the two simple reasons that (*a*) producers and musicians are scared of it, just as pianists are scared of the Diabelli Variations and the Hammerklavier sonata, and (*b*) it is exceedingly difficult to get the requisite singers. But this must be overcome. *Castrati* or no *castrati*, Mr. Christie and Herr Fritz Busch must give at Glyndebourne an adequate production of *Idomeneo* or they will have failed in their glorious task of revealing the genius of Mozart to the musical public of this country. And when *Idomeneo* is given it must be given as Mozart wrote it, or as near as possible. One must be as chary of cutting *Idomeneo* as of cutting *Hamlet*, whereas an adequate faith in the work will obtain a response such as the recent production of *Hamlet* met with at the "Old Vic."

For those who may be reading here about Glyndebourne for the first time, I have to say what I have said before, that these are the finest and most satisfying productions of Mozart's operas that have been given in our time. They eclipse all I have ever heard abroad, and it is impossible for the ordinary music-lover to form a just idea of these marvellous works until he has heard them at Glyndebourne performed in the language they were written in and complete as Mozart wrote them. As the prices are so high most of those who go will have to make some choice. It is with the object of helping the music-lover unfamiliar with these works that I add the suggestion that *Figaro* and *Die Entführung* are the most accessible and easily enjoyed, that *Die Zauberflöte* and *Don Giovanni* are unlike anything else in the whole field of opera, and that *Cosi fan Tutte*, deceptively superficial as it seems, is in some ways the profoundest of all Mozart's operas. In it Mozart has revealed an attitude to life that has been completely misunderstood during the hundred years since its composition. Let those who have ears to hear go and hear.

W. J. TURNER

PLAYS AND PICTURES

"Mile Away Murder," at the Duchess

A murder is committed, in a panelled library, with a view on to a garden with delphiniums, the poison used is *curare*. Comic relief is provided by the rivalry between Scotland Yard and the local police. Really, really, if one were making a parody of the most commonplace detective-play, one could hardly do more. Moreover, the problem is to discover not the culprit but the method he employed. And to any experienced reader of detective stories the solution is from the first as plain as a pikestaff. Altogether a play quite unworthy of Mr. Anthony Armstrong's great talents. Mr. D. A. Clarke-Smith, Mr. Walter Hudd and Mr. Evelyn Roberts gave excellent performances, and one looks forward to seeing them working with less threadbare material. The play was well received.

"Die Zauberflöte," at Sadler's Wells

The new production by Clive Carey at Sadler's Wells of Mozart's *Die Zauberflöte* is a great improvement, especially as regards lighting and setting, on any previous production by the Vic-Wells Company of this opera. The unity of the opera—which is so essential to its effect—is preserved from its usual destruction through changes of scenery by means of many ingenious devices so that the action runs smoothly without a hitch through each act. Miss Ruth Naylor made a very fair attempt to do justice to the difficult music of the Queen of the Night and, although her top notes presented some difficulty to her, she had the right conception and did not fail to make a considerable effect. As Tamino, Mr. Francis Russell will probably improve as he gains flexibility. Mr. Sumner Austin must be praised for not overfooling as Papageno and he had an adequate Papagena in Miss Olive Dyar. Miss Joan Cross sang beautifully as ever as Pamina, and Mr. Warwick Braithwaite secured a sound and vigorous performance. The chorus and ensembles were very good and as a whole this production may be thoroughly recommended as presenting Mozart's great work in the right spirit.

"Strip-teasing You," Victoria Palace

Really, what is the world coming to. All this fuss and nonsense about a poor little girl, who behind a gauze curtain in a dim blue

light takes off her evening dress. Go to any bathing-pool and you can touch a hundred girls in the brilliant sun with much less on than Miss Diane Raye, and twenty years ago Miss Fay Compton could be seen nightly at the Empire taking off a little bit, because "a lawyer, a statesman, an artist, a sport, they always look longer, when dresses are short." Apart from this flop the programme at the Victoria Palace is up to the usual standard. It has become once again the home of good rumbustious old-fashioned music-hall, and it is very seldom that it lets one down. Mr. Vic Oliver has a pretty turn at telling a story—he has one admirable one about a glass of milk, which is new—and the Mangines are extraordinary acrobats. Miss Froos from Broadway is perhaps hardly up to the best crooner standard, but there is a delightful musical turn in which the contrast between the beetle-brow of the 'cellist and the insouciant blonde beauty of his violinist partner emphasise the dexterity of their playing.

"Elephant Boy," at the Leicester Square

Now that the readers of the NEW STATESMAN AND NATION have heard from Mr. Edward Thompson on what cynical lines hunting is carried on in India, one can hardly imagine them taking an excessively serious interest in Rudyard Kipling's grandiose conception of the spiritual side of elephant hunting. For those who go to see this film of it there is a certain humour in the grotesque overacting of the villain which sets off the staggering quality of the dialogue, every sentence of which is calculated to stop an elephant in his tracks. The little boy whose jungle lore, ambition to be a hunter and pseudo-mystical accord with elephants, are here celebrated, lisps gamely through his Kiplingese. The sahib in real tropical kit manfully hides his embarrassment when he is referred to as "protector of the poor." The photography is both excellent and varied; though one of the most useful functions served by this film is to show that elephants' backs, though pretty, are not necessarily art. *Elephant Boy* would be far better without sound, really good without Kipling, but nothing at all without the direction of Mr. Robert Flaherty. Those who go to it should be ready to shut their ears, disregard the story and get a kick out of camera angles and cuts.

Soutine and Modigliani.

Though Soutine is still alive and painting (his show at the Leicester Galleries contains work done during the last year) both he and Modigliani belong to a generation that has escaped from life's battle into the hierarchy of demi old masters. Their work belongs to a time when an artist's manner, if not exactly his patent, was at least his trade mark. Soutine is a painter who seems to have taken diatribes against modern painting as an inspiration. In his most typical period his humans are malformed, diseased and decayed, his colour is the colour of putrifaction. There is a genuine hatred in his caricatured figures. He is a master of rotten meat, of tripes, of mortification and pullulation, a Géricault who lets his love of deathliness get into the very paint he uses and fly from the tip of his infuriated brush. After such frenzy his later work is almost an anti-climax. As the fury abates it leaves as residue, a slight eccentricity of manner and, when that has been thrown off in some emotional landscapes, the painter is almost placid. The most recent work in this show—a portrait of a parish priest—might have been done by almost any talented young Russian with an admiration for Courbet. It gives only a hint in its luscious paint of what it might have been twenty years ago. There has never been a Soutine exhibition in Paris, and this is the first in London. A rather large proportion of later works makes it not as representative as it might have been; his great romantic period is under-emphasised; but the difficulties of getting together a Soutine exhibition are such that one may not hope for a better for many years. Soutine shared his studio with Modigliani. The existence of two such opposites in a single room must have been extraordinary. They are separated now—by a mile or so. The nineteen Modigliani oil paintings are at the Storran Gallery. These include the *Little Peasant* from the Tate and the magnificent *Portrait of the poet Baranowski*. All Modigliani's work is distinguished by the tense and steely line he derived from Negro sculpture, and by an instinctive feeling for texture, but apart from these qualities the pictures seem to divide themselves into two classes. In *Beatrice Hastings au Fauteuil* or *Portrait du Peintre Lagar*, or the *Madame Pompadour*, he develops an art as removed and austere as the Negro heads that inspired him, in *Nu en Chemise* or *Portrait de Jeune Fille;* he is carried away by a grace and wistful charm that might be almost too sweet. One cannot guess what sort of thing he would be doing now, had he lived, but it seems unlikely that he would have ever run down as completely as his friend Soutine.

THE COMING WEEK

SATURDAY, April 10th—
Elgar's "The Apostles," Royal Albert Hall, 2.30.
Opening of Exhibition of Spanish Art, Whitechapel Art Gallery, 5
SUNDAY, April 11th—
Har Dayal on "Ethical Aspects of Buddhism," Conway Hall, 11.
Dramatic Reading from Eugene O'Neill, Willoughby Hall, Hampstead, 8.
"Angelica" (Stage Society Production), Westminster.
MONDAY, April 12th—
John Strachey on "Imperialism," with special reference to India, (first of five lectures), Large Memorial Hall, 8.
Debate on Money, Credit and Socialism, 39 Doughty Street, 8.30.
TUESDAY, April 13th:
Helen Topping on "New Japan," Friends House, 1.20.
Dr. Harry Benjamin on "Rejuvenation," Suffolk Galleries, 8.
Henry Brinton, Father Irebell, John Langdon-Davies and others on "Religion in Spain To-day," Granville Hall, Finchley, 8. Collection for Spanish Aid Committee.
R. Herdman Pender on "The Poster and Caricature in the U.S.S.R." Chairman: E. McKnight Kauffer, Small Conway Hall, 8.15.
C. P. Snow on "The Individual and the State," Manson Hall, 8.15.
WEDNESDAY, April 14th—
Debate: "That Fascism Offers no Hope for the Disinherited," E. H. Haywood *v.* A. Raven Thomson, Central Hall, S.W.1, 7.30.
Mr. Norman Thomas on "Socialism in America." Other speakers: Rt. Hon. C. R. Attlee and Sir Stafford Cripps. Chairman: Rt. Hon. George Lansbury, Friends House, 8.
Capt. B. N. Liddell Hart on "The Realities of the Mediterranean Situation," Livingstone Hall, 8.
Capt. John N. Dickie on "The Present Position in the Coal Industry," Royal Society of Arts, 8.15.
Cornelia Otis Skinner Recital, Little.
THURSDAY, April 15th—
"La Paix," Presented by Royal College of Art Theatre Group, Royal College of Art, 8.30. Till April 19th.
Stage Society's discussion on "Angelica," Oddenino's, 8.30.
"Lord Adrian," Gate.

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Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

I HAVE just read, for the first time, that extremely fine book, *The Enormous Room*, by E. E. Cummings (Cape), which was first published in England nine years ago. It is the record of a young American Red Cross worker, attached to the French Army, who was thrust into a French internment camp for some months with his chum who had written indiscreet letters home which led the French authorities to believe that both were spies. It was an alarming experience which would have driven many young men half-crazy with persecution mania. Cummings rose to it as to the great experience of his life; he threw aside all self-centred preoccupation about his own fate and gave all his attention to his fellow-prisoners. As a result, through the length of The Enormous Room, plastered with spittle, crawling with vermin, and packed with crapulous scoundrels lying on rotten straw, there blows exactly that careless breath of poetry which Réné Clair has caught in *A Nous La Liberté*. The faults of the book seem to me that there is a touch of masochism in it which gives it a slight unreality, and that Mr. Cummings does not quite appreciate that the French were not mad to be afraid of spies in wartime, but extremely sensible—and that from a military point of view it was better the innocent should suffer than that the guilty should escape. Very many readers will know *The Enormous Room*, but I have mentioned it here because the internment camp at La Ferté Macé is so extraordinarily like an eighteenth-century prison. If you are going to read of Newgate and the hulks, read Cummings first, for he will tell you what they would have seemed like to live in, to a man of our period. If I had not just read Cummings, I might not have tackled *The Foundation of Australia*, by Dr. Eris O'Brien (Sheed and Ward, 12*s.* 6*d.*), which is, in the words of its sub-title, *a study in English Criminal Practice and Penal Colonisation in the Eighteenth Century*. Dr. O'Brien's style is a bit heavy: it is the kind of book one only reads for the sake of the matter: an interesting book, a valuable book, but not a good book. The descriptions of Howards' life and of Governor Phillip's character are from their very nature, moving. Dr. O'Brien begins with a description of the English prisons and an indictment of the laws aimed purely at the defence of property. To hang a boy for stealing cherries appears iniquitous to us to-day, but it was no more "unjust" than sending him to a reformatory until men's consciences were shocked by it. There is no such thing as "justice." The cherries have gone; the owner of the orchard feels outraged and a *just* punishment is merely what is accepted by the community. Only time can put the cherries back on the tree. Probably the best and easiest legal reform would be, always allowing bail, so to increase the law's delays that the party aggrieved always got bored, or died, before he was able to obtain "justice," which is a mere delusion of the unthinking mind. Dr. O'Brien shares it, by the way—and, of course, so do I when I have suffered an injury.

* * *

Banishment is the most reasonable punishment to which society can sentence any member whom it finds intolerable. He will probably fit into some other community. The sanctions which are adopted in private life are likely to form the best models for the penal code, and banishment is frequently practised in family life in dealing with those who prove persistently disagreeable. The history of transportation has been derived from the ancient custom of Sanctuary—by which evil-doers were given a certain time in which to leave the country. It also seems to have historical affinities with slave-raiding, and with the Dahomey practice of selling some of the King's subjects as slaves every year. Curiously enough, in his historical survey of the subject, Dr. O'Brien does not mention Cromwell's campaign in Ireland, which was followed by the transportation of thousands of native Irish to the Barbadoes and Virginia. In America there were from the first settlers and planters who were eager to buy transported felons as labourers or domestic servants, whose criminal origin and servile status were rapidly forgotten, since they lived at close quarters on intimate terms with their employers. After a few years the transported convict became a hired man, and from that he easily passed into being a settler, a trapper, or a pioneer. The system of transportation to America—about a thousand persons seem to have been transported every year over a period of about one hundred and fifty years—worked well. It may be compared with the power of the Russian village community to exile its unruly members to Siberia and each system helped to produce the same type of enterprising individualist who could not fit easily into an established society. What Tchehov wrote of Siberians strikes an Englishman as true of some Colonials:

> The people here inspire the newcomer with a feeling akin to horror. They are big-browed, big-jawed, broad-shouldered fellows with huge fists and tiny eyes. They are born in the local iron foundries, and at their birth a mechanic officiates instead of an accoucheur. . . . This morning just such a one came in, big-browed, big-jawed, huge, towering up to the ceiling, seven feet across the shoulders. . . . It appeared that this was our relation.

* * *

The American Declaration of Independence brought transportation to a sudden stop, and in consequence the English gaols became choked. Lord North's Government had to devise some expedient to relieve the pressure and naturally inclined to a temporary rather than a definitive measure. They wanted a cheap substitute for transportation until the practice could be resumed. Thus *the hulks* came into being. Convicts were to be sentenced to "hard labour" and were made to dig gravel at the mouth of the Thames while they were lodged on board obsolete, or condemned, vessels of war. In the hulks they died rapidly; there were frequent inquiries, and questions in Parliament. Moreover, the hulks could not accommodate the criminals. Thus Pitt's Government was forced to find some new outlet, and Australia was colonised simply because the English prisons overflowed. As might be expected the hardships of a convict colony unloaded in the Antipodes were appalling. They would have been worse had it not been for the character of Governor Phillip. From the first he was fighting the authorities—fighting to prevent venereally diseased convicts being transported, fighting for anti-scorbutics for the voyage, for decent clothing, food and medical stores. For years the colony was in constant danger of starvation and as is always the case, central control and Government administration led to cruelties. After Phillip's departure the assignment system came in, but the convicts still belonged to the Government; they were merely the slaves of masters who were not responsible for their support. In spite of this, Dr. O'Brien is of the opinion that the assigned servant was probably better off than the convict in Government employ. Had Pitt really had an Empire builder's vision he would have sent out before the convicts the American loyalist refugees for whom nothing was done. If they had been the first settlers, they could have absorbed the convict labour usefully and a vast amount of suffering might have been avoided. Among later rulers of the settlement we meet Captain Bligh, who, in spite of recent whitewashing, I suppose can be called insufferable. Men mutinied when he was in command in New South Wales. Dr. O'Brien does not carry his history far enough to reach one of the greatest and least known empire builders, who suitably enough graduated from Newgate to take a leading part in Australasian affairs. This was Edward Gibbon Wakefield who, after a happy marriage following the abduction of the lovely Miss Pattle, abducted Miss Turnor after he was left a widower and was sent for some years to gaol. More than any other man he was responsible for the Dominions having their own Parliaments and constitutions instead of their being misgoverned from London.

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HUTCHINSON

NEW NOVELS

Mr. Witt Among the Rebels. By RAMÓN J. SENDER. Translated by SIR PETER CHALMERS MITCHELL. *Faber.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

We Are Not Alone. By JAMES HILTON. *Macmillan.* 6*s.*

A Bridge to Divide Them. By GORONWY REES. *Faber.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Great Laughter. By FANNIE HURST. *Cape.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

It is as difficult for the critic to form a fair judgment of a foreign literature as it is for a novelist to draw a foreign character who is not fanciful and a caricature. Generalisation has to supply what rooted instinct with its unconscious sensibility ought to give, for few novelists or critics are capable of a preliminary denationalisation before they set to work. The Spanish novelists have had an exceptional disadvantage here. Spain has been outside the main European stream for so long and the regionalism which has coloured the Spanish novelists so deeply has made them, to a foreign eye, provincial—unspoiled, perhaps, but uncouth. One could admire a certain purity of tone, a clear, sweet quality; and they have retained a natural power to express sentiment without sentimentality—*vide* the plays of Martinez Sierra—which the English novelists in their sophistication have almost entirely lost. But the Spaniards have had little to *say* to us and their charm has been eccentric. This is true, at any rate, of the older generation. The younger, as Spain is dragged like some unwilling mule to drink at the European trough, is evidently changing, or perhaps the change is in ourselves and we are being dragged to the Spanish trough. Indeed, the work of Ramón Sender suggests that the change is partly in ourselves. We have moved towards him rather than he to us. We in the rest of Europe have been confronted with the problems of social violence, and violence is peculiarly his subject, as readers of *Seven Red Sundays* will remember.

Mr. Witt Among the Rebels is a far better book. It is serene and accomplished, a novel of a very high order, purged of the provincial weaknesses and wishes of the earlier volume. One gets also the incidental and illicit pleasure of reading it as a *sans commentaire* essay on the present British foreign policy in Spanish affairs. But the subject is Spain of the 1st Republic in the early seventies of last century and the adventures of an Englishman in Cartagena who becomes unwillingly involved in the federal struggle. He is married to a Spanish lady. Mr. Witt is a nice and distinguished man, a respected engineer and scientist of generous mind but in perpetual moral conflict. Progress and justice, yes; but not by violence, not by passion. The primitive unruliness is in his wife. The logic of the intellect and the logic of the passions are in conflict, not only in the grave interior of their house, which looks out upon the naval harbour, the forts and the assembling warships, but in the factions of the town and the consulates. There is no doubt about Ramón Sender's narrative power or of his ability to describe men and women of all types; but how has he succeeded with his foreign character? Very well, diabolically well, I think, with deep and disarming sympathy. It would have been so easy to have turned Mr. Witt into an unsubstantial satirical sketch, but, instead, he is solid, muddled, sincere and yet not quite sincere, rather shocked by himself, shocked both by his excitement before the adventure which is not really his, shocked by his hypocrisies and yet judicious about their inevitability. Mr. Witt is a human being and a moral being, without vulgarity or fancifulness in the drawing; and it is Mr. Sender's serenity of temper, his economy of thought and style and his unsoured and warm understanding of moral issues which make the austere or terrible moments of the book fit with wonderful truth into their places. There is an execution scene which spares no real detail, which has that perfect physical quality which Spaniards know so well how to render and which yet leaves the imagination appeased and not outraged. And where so many historical novels lumber along encumbered with the detail of their period, *Mr. Witt Among the Rebels* is free and alive with the gravity and mellowness of an engraving to which the irony of history has given a new vividness and significance. It has been admirably translated by Sir Peter Chalmers Mitchell.

There are sympathy and warmth in Mr. Hilton too, though his matter is slender. *We Are Not Alone* is the tale of a good and innocent man undone by the stupidity and incomprehension of his neighbours. He is a country doctor of whom we learn in the opening page that he has been hanged for the murder of his wife, and thereafter Mr. Hilton proceeds to tell the true story of the crime. It is a trail of misread clues with the reader more and more in the know and I must not, in a tale of such surprises, give away the secret. The defect of Mr. Hilton's treatment is that, in its later phase, it leaves too many questions. We are only grudgingly credulous. We do not deny the possibility, but object that through some avoidance of a climax—which obviously is the doctor's trial—we are defrauded of the open clash between the doctor and his enemies. Mr. Hilton's idea is having it all its own way and in consequence there is no real conflict between the good and the stupid because the stupid are shadows. This is not to deny the skill of the writing or the fine sensibility with which the doctor is observed. He is the negative man shown to be exceptional with the justice of a sensitive art. It is not easy to draw a successful portrait of a man of rare goodness of character; but Mr. Hilton has brought it off cleverly, and his ingenious exercise has the interest of being a fable as well as a novel of acute suspense.

The symbolism in Mr. Goronwy Rees's new book is, I suppose, ultimately political. The scene is South Wales, first in a mining valley and later in an industrial town by the sea, and his aim has been to show the effects of an industrialist's ambition upon two different sets of people—a young working-class couple and upon his own family, particularly upon the younger generation. There is something artificial in the handling of the theme; it is staged and the play breaks awkwardly into halves. Mr. Goronwy Rees seems to have two manners also, a different one for each of his two classes.

This may be justifiable, but his working class narrative is vastly superior to the other, indeed it is so exceptionally good, so fresh, alive and natural, that I found the other figures conventional by comparison. One part shows the lively and equable disposition of the born story teller and artist, the other the wit and cleverness to be found in any talented novel about middle class young people at odds with each other and their parents. Meredith used to have theories about the theatrical nature of the Welsh talent, and it seems to be at work in Mr. Rees; but there is another quality, a natural sweetness and tenderness, an ease with physical life and a complete sympathy with ordinary people which has no condescension about it and does not overwhelm them with their ordinariness. His Johnnie, the stoker, and his girl are beautifully drawn. They are lyrical but not unreal beings, and even the too melodramatic tragedy which stamps them out does not crush them in the admiring reader's mind. It is in the early pages of the book that Mr. Rees's achievement as a novelist tells.

After this, Miss Fannie Hurst's book seems to be one of those vast, efficient, character-producing factories which depress the reviewer as he settles down to the pretence of reading her 460 very closely printed pages. There are granny and mummy, the swarm of children, their wives, their lovers, their friends, a huge accumulation of shrewd hard family gossip. The time is the candid twenties, the period of parent-shocking, when many puzzled mothers found their dining rooms turned into a kind of sophisticated fo'castle. The war has upset the males of the Neale family and Scotch granny is on the whole disappointed with them. They either think they are defeating the laws of nature or are throwing dust in her eyes. Pish! as granny says! The reader is thrust into the middle of a large, loud-voiced family all talking at once about each other, all in the know and himself the bewildered stranger. It is shrewd, hard, brisk stuff, merciless in the family way, rugged individualism none the less rugged for being three generations in New York and getting better off. Granny is the familiar ogre whose Great Laugh is like a cackle from Nature itself about the frettings of the generations. The observation of character is good. Miss Hurst hits off her victims in a brisk phrase. Granny considers the "pallor" of the personalities of her descendants, Cox was like "a person walking close to an overshadowing wall," Josie was like "a sparrow with a fever." Seductions, marriages, changes of career, deaths, tears and worries pass before the eye of Miss Hurst's almost monotonous common sense. The moving finger types and, having typed, moves on while Josie passes from the first defiances of sin not to tragedy but to a contented tippling, and the hairy Chauncey watches the main chance into high politics. And Granny's cackle terrifies everybody as only the American matriarch can. Of course one of the results of the decline of the family has been a corresponding decline in interest in character for its own sake, but no one can say after reading this ungainly yet somehow impressive book of gossip, that they did not know. . . .

V. S. PRITCHETT

NEW NOVELS 7/6

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A new novel by the author of *The Summer Flood.*

Mr. Witt among the Rebels
Ramon J. Sender

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THE AMAZING DR. GOGARTY

As I Was Going Down Sackville Street: A PHANTASY IN FACT. By OLIVER ST. J. GOGARTY. *Rich and Cowan.* 16*s.*

It has been said of Mr. Belloc that there are too many of him for the public to take in; that he is not only a prophet, but a procession. Dr. Gogarty, that famous Dubliner, has something of the same multiplicity: no mere character he, but a cavalcade, swinging down Sackville Street any time this last thirty years in the slightly disorderly Irish way; Senator, innkeeper, playwright, wit, physician, airman, poet; all great-hearted gentlemen, and all singing a song. Mr. Yeats's highly eccentric anthology of modern verse performed one admirable service in introducing the English public to Oliver Gogarty's verse; but, even if he had never published a line of his own (and much of his best is, alas, unpublishable) his place in literature would remain secure, for he is not only witty in himself, but the cause that wit is in other men. James Joyce turned him into the "stately, plump Buck Mulligan" of *Ulysses;* and in that comic masterpiece *Hail and Farewell* George Moore gave a wonderful glimpse of his riotous talk, under his own name when it was presentable, under an alias when the tides of genial blasphemy and transcendental smut threatened to rise too high for safety.

It might have been predicted that his memoirs would be unlike anybody else's, and so they are. Dublin, rather than himself, is his subject; thirty years of Dublin—politics, murder, literature and jest; but if it's an "historical perspective" that you're after, you've come to the wrong boyo. "The only way to treat this town," remarks the Doctor between drinks, "is the way the Chineses treat their pictures: eschew perspective." Events and people pop up and down as they are wanted, no matter if decades separate them; we are in a metaphysical pub, drinking deep in the disintegrating company of Professor Einstein and Mr. Dunne. Facts? Dates? Who wants such things? They bore Dr. Gogarty, as they bore so many of the Irish: "We never had, as England had, the Roman schoolmaster to teach us logic." "The names in this book," says the witty Senator, ordering another round and beckoning Pirandello into the circle—"the names in this book are real, the characters fictitious." All the same, the amateur of Dublin society will recognise many portraits. Yeats sits up in bed, recovering from a cold and plunging with gusto into the immensely congenial discussion of George Moore's supposed impotence. Bernard Shaw goes to church, and, when they pass him the plate, moves aside murmuring "Press." Old Dr. Mahaffy is sceptical about the Russian atrocities which are making A.E.'s blood boil: "Let us get this right, my good man. Who is knouting whom?" There is a rather unfortunate meeting between Michael Collins and A.E.: in the midst of that mystic's golden and glowing periods Collins produces a note-book with the words: "Your point, Mr. Russell?" A whole chain of stories about Moore and Sir Thorneley Stoker, which has long been going the Hibernian rounds, at last finds its way—and worthily—into print.

Minor characters, unknown to the outside world, perhaps creatures of the Doctor's fertile brain, make startling, dream-like appearances; thus Thwackhurst, the collector of popular wall-inscriptions, pokes his head out "through the first letter in Oxo high up in the blank wall of a house." (What happier symbol could there be of the space-time continuum?) A little later on in the day (or in the century) we encounter him down in the street, reciting from a scholarly note-book a *graffito* of the Golden Age, found in the lavatory behind Nelson's Pillar ("there is a version in a pub in Dalkey, but it is corrupt"):

> Here lies the grave of Keelin,
> And on it his wife is kneeling;
> If he were alive, she would be lying,
> And he would be kneeling.

But politics have ruined his hobby. "You can't find anything in a piss-house now but political remarks. . . . And just when the spread of popular education was bringing the *graffiti* lower on the walls." This, if the most characteristic, is by no means the only political lament in a book which conceals much melancholy behind its irony and wit: little in the spectacle of contemporary Ireland pleases Dr. Gogarty. His sympathies are pagan, heroic, aristocratic. He is appalled by the complacent provinciality all around him, and sighs for the well-bred arrogance of a Mahaffy to rebuke a nation turned into "a race of bilingualists ignorant and gullible in two languages." Yet he remains as unhappy away from Dublin as Dublin, we feel sure, would be unhappy without him.

In his book conversation predominates, as you would expect; much is said that is amusing, much that is wise, much also—it must be admitted—that is obscure. In Dublin everyone is so conscious of the national reputation for quick wits that no one dares to ask: "What do you mean? Please explain. I don't quite see." Sometimes I feel inclined to say: "Your point, Dr. Gogarty?" His book would have gained much by the suppression of esoteric passages, and the reshaping and clarification of detail. It remains a fine, rich Irish stew, compounded of the same juicy ingredients that gave us *Ulysses* and *Hail and Farewell.* But Moore and Joyce, though the pride of rival kitchens, both learnt their cooking in France. DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

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again without first taking a look at L. A. G. Strong's new half-crown book, *Common Sense about Drama.* How well it clarifies those many points about acting, production, dialogue, poetic drama, tragedy and comedy, etc., that fire the imagination of the serious playgoer. Very few writers could handle these well-worn topics so individually, or so neatly fuse facts and original philosophy. "A very able short book that I cordially commend to my readers," writes Mr. St. John Ervine in the *Observer;* Robert Speaight says, "It gives the seasoned theatre-goer new angles of appreciation."

Common Sense about Drama costs only 2s. 6d.; and perhaps this is the place to mention too that Nelson's publish Prof. Allardyce Nicoll's *The English Theatre,* which is the only complete history of its subject (with bibliography and 12 illustrations, 6s. net). At any bookshop.

NELSON

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A BURMESE QUEEN

She was a Queen. By MAURICE COLLIS. *Faber and Faber.* 15*s.*

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In thirteenth-century Burma, "when Kyazwa, the philosopher king, was on the throne, the king who wrote a handbook on metaphysics for the use of his concubines," a farmer's daughter, Ma Saw, received by omens the assurance of a high destiny. This occurred duly in the next reign: King Usana, the philosopher's son, raised her to the concubinate, and afterwards to the rank (specially created) of deputy queen. On Usana's death, she helped his younger son to secure the throne, and became Chief Queen—a post of more than common responsibility, for Narathihāpaté was not only unintelligent but unbalanced. At length his folly provoked a Tartar invasion; forced by his eighteen-year-old son to take poison, he died in the arms of Queen Saw, who then retired to her native village with all the honours, and in the company of her ex-Chief Minister, a Chinese noble from the Sung court.

The sequence of events is taken from a Burmese history known as the Glass Palace Chronicle; but the author's twenty years' experience of Burma is more important.

Indeed, the story itself, though most convincingly handled,

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remains a trifle languid and episodic. Some of the best chapters, e.g., a fascinating description of the rope trick, have little or nothing to do with it: and moreover, the central figure does not exactly come off. Queen Saw's charm and ability are dinned into us, but we never quite see them; she appears, if anything, rather schoolmarmish. The weak-minded, unpleasant Narathihāpaté is much better. But the real attraction is in the atmosphere—in the rich, warm colours, the delicious blandness of the whole scene: in the blend of alien and familiar, the exotic strangeness clothing a social life almost ridiculously urbane. What a charming place! one keeps thinking. What charming people! And how like ourselves, if we were only one-tenth as picturesque and attractive!

That is what the author meant us to feel. He likes to suggest resemblances, observing, for instance, that for weeks after the display of the rope trick "no popular entertainment was complete unless the clown brought a rope and threw it into the air." To him also it is the background that matters: the life of country and court, and the religion in all its facets—the charming fairy-tale element, the shallowness of a worldly cult, and the noble suavity of true Buddhism. "All suffering creatures who wander in the Three Worlds must needs endure the Eight World-Predicaments." This cold comfort—murmured by Queen Saw over her dying husband—has a wonderfully sedative and benign effect.

The note of Christianity is different and less impersonal; on the other hand, what could be less alien to the Western mind than the fashionable theory of pagoda-building?—

> This pagoda-building was well suited to a rich and elegant court. It was expensive; it had a pleasant flavour of the arts; and it was profitable, not in a vulgar sense, but metaphysically. The profit was connected with the current theory of salvation by works, a theory which mystics like the Royal Chaplain found shallow, but which was suitable for laymen. According to it all actions were indestructible facts which, accumulated, became the personality of the actor. To build a pagoda was assumed to be a meritorious act and, therefore, to make the builder to that extent a meritorious person. Thus, if a court lady felt that her tongue had been running away with her and thereby she was accumulating a demerit which threatened to hold her back from that ultimate enlightenment which was the aim of the religion, it became very proper for her to build a pagoda. . . .

The author's manner is carefully appropriate: an urbane simplicity, capable of nice gradation from the familiar to the formal. It was a delicate thing to keep up—there are slips of taste, and even occasionally of grammar; but it is very agreeable on the whole.

The price of the book is justified by the number of well-chosen and beautiful illustrations. K. JOHN

THE DUKE

The Man Wellington through the Eyes of Those Who Knew Him. By MURIEL WELLESLEY. *Constable.* 18*s.*

This is a rather disappointing book. Not that it is bad; on the contrary, it is quite readable; but it might have been fascinating. For the Duke of Wellington is one of the most remarkable and entertaining characters in history, and Miss Wellesley has been at pains to read everything that was said or written about him by his contemporaries. As, like most remarkable characters, he left a deep impression on almost all who met him, and as naturally many of these thought it worth while to record their impressions in detail, Miss Wellesley had it in her power to give us a valuable and diverting picture of her great ancestor. Unfortunately, she has thought fit to record only what, in her opinion, redounds to his credit. This was a mistake. Great characters have their faults, which are of no great interest, and their absurdities, which are essential; for often it is in their absurdities that they reveal themselves most vividly. Miss Wellesley presents us with the picture of a well-nigh infallible general and a character almost without blemish. The picture is unconvincing; also it is unamusing.

In fact, the Duke was one of those compact characters—Dr. Johnson was another—so much of a piece that, whether right or wrong, sublime or ridiculous, they are always unmistakably themselves. What is more, the ridiculous things in his life still redound to his credit since generally they reveal his salient qualities—good sense and good feeling. Even from Harriette Wilson's memoirs, which are deliberately spiteful and which Miss Wellesley never so much as mentions, these qualities emerge. That poor Harriette should have turned nasty and aired an elaborate schoolgirlish sarcasm is not surprising, seeing how flat her little

blackmailing project had fallen before the Field-Marshal's massive gumption; but there are pages in her memoirs which no serious student can disregard and no subtle biographer would wish to omit.

> Wellington took off his hat, and held up towards the lamp a visage which late fatigue and present vexation had rendered no bad representation of that of the knight of the woeful figure. While the rain was trickling down his nose, his voice, trembling with rage and impatience, cried out, "You old idiot, do you know me now?"

Surely that finger-nail sketch is worth a dozen official portraits? But Miss Wellesley would hardly allow herself to believe that her hero ever stood in lust, exasperation and the rain beneath the window of a *demi-mondaine*. Indeed, she seems to have persuaded herself that his affairs never went much beyond a pronounced flirtation. Yet, if we may trust respectable witnesses, his prowess in the alcove fell little short of his performance in the field; and Mlle. George who, it appears, enjoyed the unique distinction of having been embraced by the victor of Austerlitz and the hero of Waterloo, was fond—so they say—in later life of averring "coucher avec l'empereur (and here she would cast her fine eyes Heavenward) c'était l'idéal, c'était s'unir avec le génie de la victoire, avec la France même; mais M. le duc était beaucoup plus fort." As usual, the Duke comes triumphant out of an awkward situation.

Miss Wellesley is at her happiest when she is giving us a picture of the general on active service as seen by his comrades-in-arms. It is as sympathetic and satisfying as even such a "Wellington fan" as I could desire. Also she does well to insist on the sportsmanlike—that I think is the word—relations which existed always between the professional armies of France and England (between French and Spanish things were very different) and aptly quotes Gleig, writing under supervision: "The French, whatever their faults may be, are a noble enemy. The most perfect understanding prevailed between them and us, by which, not only the sentries continued free from danger, but the piquets themselves were safe from wanton surprisal; no attack upon an outpost being thought of unless it was meant to be followed up by a general engagement." On which the Duke comments: "I always encouraged this; the killing a poor fellow of a vidette or carrying off a post could not influence the battle, and I always, when I was going to attack, sent to tell them to get out of the way." Miss Wellesley does not fail to repeat the story of Wellington himself, inspecting his outposts *incognito*, having been fired on by a sentry, which brought a French officer running down to the riverside with the apology, "Pardon, monsieur, c'est un nouveau." And very rightly she recalls the great soldier's considered opinion: "Take my word for it, if you had seen but one day of war you would pray to Almighty God that you might never see such a thing again."

The story is carried to 1818, when the army of occupation was withdrawn from France. This gives the compiler an opportunity of showing us Wellington the peacemaker: it is a sight to make one weep with envy and indignation. Naturally, she quotes the famous letter to Castlereagh; it is worth requoting:

> We must . . . if we take this large cession (a cession of French territory), consider the operations of the war as deferred till France shall find a suitable opportunity of endeavouring to regain what she has lost; and, after having wasted our resources in the maintenance of overgrown military establishments in time of peace, we shall find how little useful the cessions we shall have acquired will be against a national effort to regain them.
>
> In my opinion, then, we ought to continue to keep our great object, the genuine peace and tranquility of the world, in our view, and shape our arrangement so as to provide for it.

If only in 1919 liberal politicians had possessed some small part of the wisdom and humanity of this reactionary soldier, what a very much less disagreeable place the world might be in 1937.

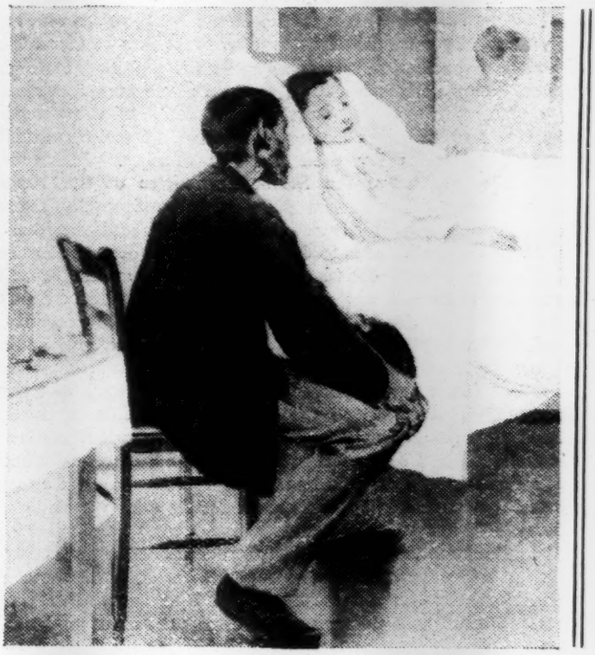
CLIVE BELL

THE DOCTORS AND THE OSTEOPATHS

What is Osteopathy? By CHARLES HILL and H. A. CLEGG. *Dent.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Dr. Hill is the Deputy Medical Secretary of the B.M.A., and Dr. Hugh Clegg is the Deputy Editor of the B.M.J. No one familiar with recent medico-political history, certainly no osteopathic practitioner, will expect to find in a book with such almost official authorship a sympathetic account of this particular form of applied medical heresy. At the same time, whilst it would be absurd to say that no bias is manifest in this volume, it would

A reproduction of the famous picture, "Visiting Day," by Jean Geoffroy



When sadness is too deep for words

There are occasions in our lives that sometimes become too poignant for words. Here the dejected figure by the bedside, inarticulate, sad—sadness in every line of the fustian-clad visitor. Hope may, indeed, be there, but it seems a faintly-glowing ember.

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be hard to substantiate a charge of misstatement or of deliberate unfairness.

There is, however, no mention in the book of the efforts now being made by responsible osteopaths practising in Great Britain to put their profession on a new and more dignified footing, and generally to put their house in order. These men feel that they have clung far too long to the shibboleths of the osteopathic pioneers, and they are now anxious to find more scientifically secure foundations for their peculiar therapy. Much of the evidence given before the Select Committee of the House of Lords in 1935 by the more distinguished osteopaths, especially by those who are also registered medical practitioners, showed both how impossible it is to defend traditional osteopathic dogmas in the light of established clinical fact, and, at the same time, a growing eagerness to find a face-saving method of escape from subservience to these dogmas. Sensible doctors recognise the manipulative skill of the more expert osteopaths, and not a few doctors seek the osteopath's aid when they are themselves in trouble. Yet it is an interesting and not irrelevant fact that the only serious objection to the official recognition of osteopathy and the official registration of qualified osteopaths, comes from the orthodox and registered practitioners of medicine. That does not mean that the opposition is ill-grounded, or, as is commonly assumed, that it is based on professionally selfish considerations. Since the victory of the bone-setters, doctors are inclined to be less confident and more careful in their denunciations of therapeutic heretics. Moreover, the frequency with which we come across patients whom the doctors have failed to cure, who yet have obtained relief at the hands of an osteopath, must give the most contemptuous doctor pause.

In fact, osteopathic successes are for the most part with cases such as a broad-minded and informed practitioner would to-day be inclined to regard as suitable for manipulative treatment. They are chronic rather than acute—nearly always such as can be explained as being due either to tissue adhesions or to localised fluid stagnation. What we may call orthodox osteopathic theory (no longer accepted by the more intelligent members of the cult), however, goes much further than this; it claims that *all* disease can effectively be tackled by the laying on of hands—that is by the expert hands of an osteopath; that all drugs are useless or worse; and that the body itself provides all that is materially necessary for the maintenance and recovery of health. All these dogmas contain bits of truth; but, in their universalised form, they could only have been uttered by someone ill-versed in the established facts of physiology. Andrew Taylor Still, the founder of osteopathy, was thus ill-informed—even relatively to the physiological knowledge of his own day. It is presumably owing to the equal scientific ignorance of many of his professional successors that his speculative theories and utterances have for so long been treated as Siniatic finalities.

If the osteopaths want to be officially recognised in this country as responsible practitioners of the healing art, they will have to undergo a training as long and as full as that laid down as a minimum by the General Medical Council. They will, moreover, have to submit to tests at least as severe as those demanded of every doctor whose name appears on the medical register. Having satisfied these reasonable demands, they will be free to practise and preach osteopathy to their hearts' content; for the General Medical Council has no power of restraint in matters of doctrine over those whose names are on its register. Indeed, as the authors of this book make clear, anybody in this country, whether registered or not, is free to practise any branch of medicine or surgery except midwifery and the treatment of venereal disease; and to adopt any medical theories he chooses.

This book of Drs. Hill and Clegg is one that every practising osteopath should read. It ought to convince him of something that the wisest members of his profession have already realised, namely, that if osteopathy is to make for itself a dignified position in the social scheme, its practitioners must possess such general scientific knowledge, and have received such scientific training, as is demanded by the statutory, officially recognised, medical corporation of this country—which, by the way, is not the British Medical Association, as nearly all journalists seem to think. The authors give us many amusing quotations of absurdities from the writings and utterances of osteopathic apostles. I rather fancy that the osteopaths could effectively retaliate with a collection of equally amusing absurdities gleaned from the utterances of respectable doctors during the past fifty years. Fortunately, both osteopaths and doctors have (therapeutically) builded better than they (scientifically) knew.

HARRY ROBERTS

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ENGLISH DEMOCRACY

A Hundred Years of English Government. By K. B. SMELLIE. *Duckworth.* 15*s.*

In this brilliant, if unequal, book Mr. Smellie surveys the social and administrative history of the last century. The chapters on administrative history are easily the most interesting and the most valuable. Mr. Smellie's gift of phrase offsets his occasional syntactic obscurity. As a whole, the book is profusely endowed with quotable items. In the nineteenth century, "mankind was on the march and the economists were the best scouts it had." But on the question what are the necessary functions of government the economists were (necessarily) obscure. If force be not rightly controlled, if price is not taught its proper place, the social consequences may be disastrous. But "for a time in Victorian England the rapid growth and the increasing mobility of economic life seemed to promise the removal of all differences save those of price."

The industrial revolution "compelled the State to create a machinery of administration almost as complex as the new machinery of industry itself." And, in England, account must be taken of the fact that "the history of every government department is almost as complex as the history of the constitution itself." The Privy Council was a kind of potting shed of new administrative plants. In the Foreign Office a revolution was begun in 1856, and a further stiffening took place when Granville insisted on knowledge of languages and geography. Previously the Foreign Secretary had been in the difficult position of remembering his relatives and not forgetting his friends. The belief in gentlemen is illustrated by the saying that "a hundred spies could not ascertain so much as an English gentleman, whom princes and ministers believed that they could safely trust."

The Board of Trade in the middle of the nineteenth century was an administrative complex which, after 1870, developed into "a federation of departments." Even such complexity as this

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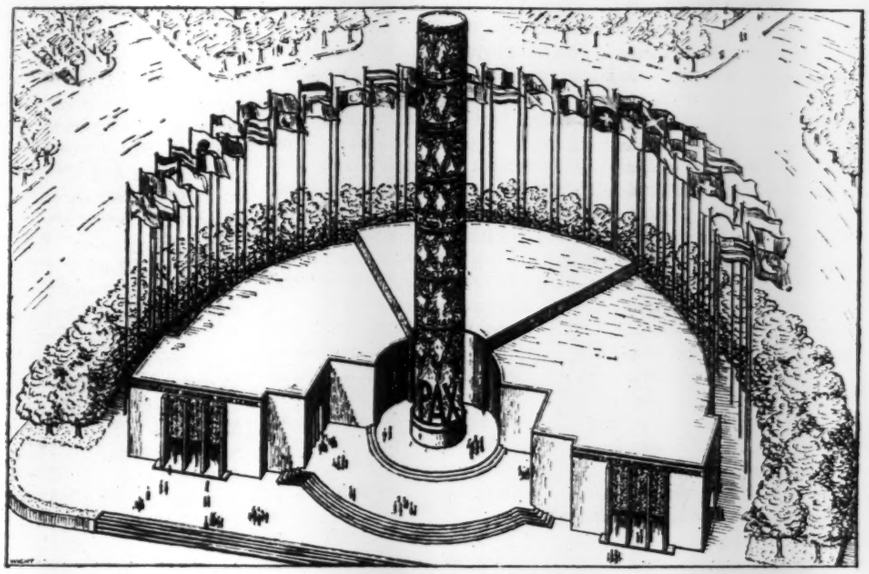

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4. Establishment within the framework of the League of Nations of effective machinery for remedying international conditions which might lead to war.

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pales in comparison with that of the work of the Colonial Secretary. Sir William Molesworth wrote: "One day the Colonial Secretary is in Ceylon a financial and religious reformer promoting the interests of the planters and casting discredit on the religion of Buddha, the next day he is in the West Indies teaching the economical manufacture of sugar, or in Van Diemens striving to reform the fiends he has transplanted to that pandemonium; now he is in Canada dealing with a war of races; at the Cape of Good Hope dancing a war dance with his Kaffir subjects; or in New Zealand an unsuccessful Lycurgus."

The complexity of the functions of the Privy Council can be best indicated alphabetically. It was responsible for: assizes, burial boards, charters of boroughs, clergy returns, coinage, currency, contagious diseases of animals, convocation, county courts, Dentistry Acts, Education Acts, gas company amalgamations, and so to the end of the alphabet. One is reminded of the recent encyclopaedia of local government, of which the first volume announces itself with the title, "absent voters to band stands."

Administrative history since 1918 is the subject of an interesting and valuable chapter. The Haldane Committee found that in all departments there exists a tradition of extravagance, and that the Treasury is irreconcilably opposed to all increases of expenditure, whether meritorious or not. The same report envisaged the economic functions of the State organised in three Ministries, concerned with the conditions of employment, the stimulation of private enterprise, and nationalisation.

There are two topics in regard to which Mr. Smellie is an imperfect guide: the development of administrative law, and the multiplication of semi-autonomous bodies. These omissions appear to be due to the exigencies of academic life rather than to the proper limits of the subject.

Readers who have less knowledge than Mr. Smellie of the sources of the history of government in the last century must be grateful to him for putting together the relevant facts culled from hundreds of special books. His work stimulates the hope that one day the administrative history of the last century will be fully written.

G. E. FASNACHT

The Click of Castanets?

No sir, the rattle of the machine-guns. That is the rhythm of Spain to-day. It's the rhythm of life and death. Death, perhaps, for gallant and unselfish fighters of the Ralph Fox school; but life not only for the Spanish people, but the French and English, too. And life worth living. Read our new anthology, *Ralph Fox: A Writer in Arms*. You'll feel better for having read it. Sir John Squire did. Reviewing it in the *Daily Telegraph*, he said: "It is not necessary to be a Communist to realise from these varied and ardent pages how brave and honest a man he was. . . . Seldom in England have Marxian doctrines been presented with such an absence of woolliness and dullness. . . . The compilers have done their work admirably; and the unusually low price should help the book to reach the large public it deserves." The price is 3*s*. 6*d*. And you cannot afford to miss our *Crisis and Criticism* by Alick West (6*s*.). True, it may make you angry. But it will give you a clearer view of the problems which confront the creative writer under capitalism. What's more, it will give you a key to their solution. Paul Nizan, a leading French journalist, has solved them triumphantly in his new novel, *Trojan Horse*. He paints an unforgettable picture of a small French industrial town, its simple pleasures, and its decisive protest against the provocation of the Fascist Croix de Feu. The book is beautifully translated and its price, of course, is 7*s*. 6*d*. Finally, a word to theatrical producers with progressive tendencies. We have just published *The Last Plays of Maxim Gorki* (3*s*. 6*d*.), specially adapted for the English stage by Gibson-Cowan. They're great stuff.

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EDWARD VIII

Edward VIII: His Life and Reign. By HECTOR BOLITHO. *Eyre and Spottiswoode*. 10*s*. 6*d*.

I should say of this book that its publication is opportune but not timely. It is opportune because it is assured of a wide sale, but it is untimely because it comes just when, at long last, conversation had exhausted the subject which had monopolised it for the last six months. The book will put some life into the dying embers and for that reason its publication is to be deplored. Who that has a spark of human feeling for the appalling burden undertaken by the present King and Queen would wish to add to it by keeping alive what is now a barren and profitless controversy? The book may be said to reflect very fairly the common attitude of the middle classes to the ex-King—intense, almost (or is "often" the appropriate word?) passionate admiration for him as Prince of Wales followed by unsympathetic criticism of him as King. One can hardly fail to be reminded of the changeable views of the same class of people upon Mr. Lloyd George summed up in that foolish, charitable sentence: "I always think he did so splendidly during the War."

Mr. Bolitho makes the good point that one result of the ex-King's training was that his friends and surroundings were always changing, so that "nothing seemed permanent to him except the responsibilities of his inheritance." Yet it must be remembered to the King's credit that he never forgot the friends he made at Oxford—notably perhaps Sir Walter Monckton and Mr. Guedalla. With all the ignorant, ferocious tittle-tattle about the motives which inspired the King's economies in the royal residences, it is fitting that Mr. Bolitho should remind us of the public-spirited way in which he managed the Duchy of Cornwall and of the large sums which he annually returned to the estates for rebuilding and improvements. The sketch of the King's character made by the Kaiser, though he was not as Mr. Bolitho calls him the King's uncle, is interesting:

> A most charming, unassuming young man such as one would expect from such a family—but a young eagle, likely to play a big part in European affairs because he is far from being a pacifist.

That was just before the outbreak of the War, though it should be added that King Edward's experiences in the War made him, if not a pacifist, at least sympathetic to pacifist views.

Mr. Bolitho writes temperately of the events leading up to last December though, in one instance, he seems to repeat too glibly the conventional view. He says: "The final battle of his life as King was to be between his heart and his judgment, and it was to be his judgment that failed," and then writing of his life as Prince of Wales he goes on: "A life which gave him little chance of developing those serene qualities of mind which might have guided him into higher spheres of moral conquest when the hour of his temptation came." (Mr. Bolitho really ought to be wearing the lawn sleeves of a blameless life.) Later on he speaks of the King's decision as one "in favour of love and against duty." But "love" is not synonymous with "marriage." And it was Mr. Fox who said to George IV when he was contemplating marriage with Mrs. Fitzherbert that "he would prefer any other species of connection." The race of politicians has not altered. Duty, as the Athanasian Creed might say, is of many kinds; there is one duty to the public, another to private friendship.

Mr. Bolitho speaks of the events of last December being now in the hands of history. Obviously those who come after us will be able to give a juster judgment than we can: we still have no evidence to show how effectively the ex-King executed those heavy daily tasks of which the public knows nothing. (And incidentally the burden of merely signing papers could probably be lightened easily and with great advantage.) I fancy, though, that Mr. Baldwin would step down from his high office with rather less confident complacency if he could dip into the history books of the future. There is bound to be some historical comment on the unfortunate illness of the Lord Chancellor during those critical weeks. The attitude of the Government was based on the rule-of-thumb scholarship of the Home Secretary. One can almost see Sir John running his finger down the index to Anson, stopping at the word Queen and then putting into the Prime Minister's mouth those fatal words about the position of a Queen Consort. The attitude of Mr. Baldwin's Cabinet may in the future be very unfavourably contrasted with the attitude of Lord Liverpool's Cabinet in 1820. This Cabinet which, though it may have been Conservative, was not so undistinguished as many Coalition Cabinets, advised King George

CHRISTOPHER HOLLIS

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IV that no legislation would be necessary to enable his wife to use neither the title nor the privileges of Queen, but to be known as the Duchess of Cornwall. If Lord Liverpool's Cabinet could take this decision why could not Mr. Baldwin's have followed their example? The answer is that one Cabinet wanted to keep their King, the other did not. ROGER FULFORD

KOMMANDANTUR, 1914-18

Invasion '14. By MAXENCE VAN DER MEERSCH. Translated by GERARD HOPKINS. *Constable.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

In the grey wet weather of October 1918, groping across the broken roads from Armentières or Warneton or Menin, British troops came at last into what, for four years on end, had been *terra incognita*—the great "*agglomération urbaine*" of Lille, Roubaix and Tourcoing. They found a strange territory of sprawling towns, for the most part outwardly intact, but inwardly stricken with a sort of cold paralysis, and a dense population of working people long deprived of their normal activities and impulses. The whole place had a fantastic air about it. The machinery, both real and metaphorical, on which these hundreds of thousands depended, had collapsed or been wantonly destroyed. The people were worn out with makeshift living, skimped food, the strain of enforced compromise with an alien domination, the dragging uncertainty of when and how it could conceivably end. When it did end, the reaction, the sense of liberation, was for some days violent in its exultation—or as violent as empty bellies allowed. Across this turbulent stage moved the Allied troops, greeted as the liberators, heading for the new line behind the Scheldt; and into it, a little later, straggled the westward procession of hapless civilians released by the Germans from the forced labour camps to which they had been deported. It was all a vivid object-lesson in what a great invasion and the ensuing military occupation involve, and why such a cataclysm may leave for generations a cruelly sensitive wound in the consciousness of a people directly exposed to it. And it is the story of those four hidden years, in that corner of the industrial North of France, which gives M. Van der Meersch the raw material for his long and impressive novel.

Impressive, largely because the picture is kept free from the sense of bitter grudge which might easily have pervaded it if the author, himself a Roubaisien, had been old enough during those years to feel the full impact of what he depicts. As it is, he shapes his story and accumulates the details of civilian life under the German yoke, not in such a way as to turn it into a partisan attack on the invaders, but as to show how the stresses of war inevitably bring forth these calamities of communities and these dire sufferings of humble individuals. He stands with his own people, but behind their oppressors he sees clearly the greater oppression of the war itself, the force which is driving the human beings on both sides, often despite themselves, into meanness and evil. In a word, there is a spiritual dignity in the author's imagination which, for all the mass of seemingly petty detail, and despite a certain sketchiness in some of the drawings, lifts the book well out of the common run. The sense of tragic irony suffusing the multiple strands of the story, and especially in the last few chapters which describe the aftermath of profiteering and retrospective private vengeance in the post-war years, gives the novel almost the value of an historical document. It amply deserved the skill of Mr. Hopkins's translation, and as a broad picture of humanity suffering under its self-inflicted stresses, far transcends its localised scene. HAMISH MILES

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James W. Mills, "The Labyrinth," by kind permission.

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Diet and High Blood Pressure. By DR. I. HARRIS. *Hogarth Press.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

As its price indicates, this is a book for people who can afford to overeat. The author sets out to provide "a code of living designed to prevent high blood-pressure, heart disease, and premature aging." The practical advice is thoroughly sound and is presented in language understandable by the least technically informed. Dr. Harris perhaps a little over-simplifies, for not everyone will agree that "there is no mystery at all about the human machinery." On the other hand, nearly everyone who has studied the problem will agree that well-to-do-middle-aged people, for the most part, eat too much—especially too much animal protein—and lead lives far too sedentary. It is probably true that the majority of persons of forty years old and over die unnecessarily from premature decay of vital organs—the heart, the blood vessels and the kidneys; and it is equally probable that most of these lives would be prolonged if the author's guidance, as given in these pages, were generally followed. It is a good and practical book, with lots of interesting and arresting asides. Here are a few taken almost at random. "Alcohol and tea are both harmful. In the long run the latter is likely to be more harmful than the former." "It is regrettable that so few middle-aged persons are seen on the mountains of Great Britain." "Have as many meals a day as possible; large meals are undesirable." "I am impressed by the easy and comparatively carefree existence which members of the working class (if in regular employment) enjoy in comparison with the hard conditions of living the middle classes have to endure. . . . A stonemason is much less liable to suffer from heart disease than is an industrial magnate or a stockbroker."

Memory Efficiency and How to Obtain It. By J. LOUIS ORTON. *Thorsons.* 3*s.* 6*d.*

Mr. Orton's professional work has been devoted to educational hypnotism, particularly in relation to functional speech disorders; and the establishment of memory-efficiency has always been one of his main aims. His publishers having asked him to bring his discoveries and methods to the notice of the many, he has written the present book, in which he explains how the ordinary man may cultivate his own memory without personal tuition. Mr. Orton's method is simply the application of common sense to the various problems that have to be faced. And as you cannot apply common sense to anything unless you know with what you are dealing, much of the book is devoted to the definition of memory, in what it consists, and how it functions. This is all set out as simply as anyone can desire, with a wealth of illustration and quotation that keeps the relation lively and interesting. In fact, it is an unpretentious, reliable, and useful little guide.

I Saw Spain. By BERNARD NEWMAN. *Herbert Jenkins.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

On the eve of the civil war which is still raging, Mr. Newman travelled through Spain from north to south, entering at Valcarlos and on through the pass of Roncesvalles, westward to Santander, and then south to Leon, Salamanca, Mérida, Badajoz, Seville, Granada, and Gibraltar, where he crossed to Tangier for a brief tour of Spanish Morocco. As he travelled by bicycle and traversed little-visited parts of the country, he has much to tell us of the peasantry of the central plateau and of the deplorable poverty in which so many of them exist. Mr. Newman claims no political value for this story of his travel; and its value is perhaps all the greater on that account. He might have entitled the

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In this eleventh issue of our Book Adviser, we give details of 400 books selected by us as being outstanding among the large number announced for publication this spring. This 44-page Book Adviser is a valuable guide to the new books, and (as with all our Catalogues) will be sent free on request.

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EXHIBITION OF IMPORTANT PAINTINGS
BY
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book Prelude to Revolution and been well within the mark. Here in his record of what he saw and heard is the best of the matter, and whichever side you are on you find some justification for your choice. Neither, in his retrospect, is altogether right or wrong, and his prognosis is that whatever the immediate result of the struggle may be, Spain will ultimately reject both Fascism and Communism as equally alien to the genius of her people.

The Strange History of Lord George Gordon. By PERCY COLSON. *Robert Hale.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Lord George Gordon, whose No Popery agitation led to the serious riots in London that bear his name, is probably remembered to-day, when he is remembered at all, as the foolish but well-meaning fanatic drawn by Dickens in *Barnaby Rudge*. In Mr. Colson's study, founded on the life by Dr. Robert Watson, published in 1795, he cuts a more respectable figure. Mr. Colson, though sadly lacking in the historic temper and given to spasmodic and irrelevant digression, nevertheless contrives a portrait of Lord George that without minimising what was mischievous and absurd in his character does explain why he was for a time a popular idol, and why, even in his last years, a prisoner and a professing Jew, he still retained the esteem of his friends, even though his own family had forsaken him. When Mr. Colson allows his narrative to flow he is convincing. He describes the riots and Gordon's part in them well, and he is able to demonstrate that, eccentric as he was, he was never certifiably insane. There is for instance nothing mad in the speech he made, when his sentence for libelling Marie Antoinette expiring he demanded his release and argued against the prohibitive recognisances demanded from him which involved his imprisonment for life.

About Motoring

MOTOR LAWN MOWERS

THE average householder is a little slow in availing himself of the advantages of a motor mower for cutting his lawns. Where the area of grass is limited these advantages are very considerably reduced, and the old hand mower may be more suitable. A motor mower offers three separate merits wherever large expanses of turf are concerned. It eliminates most of the physical exertion. It shortens the time required for keeping the grass in order, and, if the labour is paid labour, it also reduces the cost. Finally, unless the ground is very hard, the additional weight—as compared with that of a hand mower, exerts a definite levelling or rolling effect. The time saving is the simplest to grasp. With a 24in. motor mower, a tennis lawn, complete with runbacks and surrounds, can be shaved in half an hour. Some gardeners pride themselves on mowing a tennis lawn by hand in a couple of hours; but the ordinary jobbing gardener or private householder requires longer, because he takes frequent breathers. Expressing this saving in terms of parks and estates, a strong man equipped with a hand mower can cut about one and a half acres of grass in a working day of eight hours, whereas the same man armed with a 30in. motor mower can cut eight acres in the same time. The time economy factor is therefore rather more than five to one. A motor mower saves approximately four-fifths of the time required for any mowing job. Moreover, a power cutter can be set with a special high adjustment to control rough grass, and reset in a minute or two to cope with the most smoothly shaven lawn. And upon sloping lawns or steep banks the wider base of the power mower is far more efficient than the narrow hand cutter with its tendency to tilt.

On some housing estates the management have developed the wise practice of placing a power cutter at the disposal of their tenants, subject to the rule that it is only hired out to them with the estate gardener; for if the machine were rented to Tom, Dick and Harry the users would tend to be irresponsible, and sooner or later somebody would run the engine without lubricant, and wreck it.

It is, unfortunately, impossible to estimate the working life of such a machine, because its life must be stated in terms of cutting hours rather than of shed hours. But estate owners find that a motor mower, put in action as continuously as the weather allows, requires no major repairs or replacements over a period of ten years, during which the upkeep charges for a good machine should be limited to supplies of petrol and oil, and periodic attention to the blades. The actual cutter can be detached as a separate unit in a very few minutes, and sent to an expert for grinding. This aspect disturbs many potential users, as some householders buy the cheapest and nastiest hand mowers, find it necessary to have the blades ground every summer, and perhaps realise after two years that the machine is no longer really serviceable. Such users commit two blunders. They buy too cheaply, and they entrust their blades to people who are not craftsmen. The motor mower is sold at a price which permits of first-rate design, material, and workmanship. It is sufficiently robust to furnish substantial and durable bearings and attachments. It follows that if the blades are properly ground when they require attention no loss of cutting efficiency need be expected over a good term of years. As the machine will probably cost upwards of £35 when new, its makers supply a lucid and complete book of instructions, easily mastered by anybody who can achieve the routine running repairs of a motor car. No difficulty need be apprehended in reinstalling the cutter after a visit to the grinding shop, or in adjusting the height of the cut. The engine can be started by a child, and, as it runs at a low and a constant speed, it does not ordinarily suffer from the petty misconduct which is apt to afflict the power units of cars and motor cycles employed over a wide range of speed on the road. For example, its sparking plug will not soot or oil up, its fuel system will not choke if the petrol is inserted into the tank through a gauze funnel, and the valves will not burn. No. 3 petrol is used, and the consumption is extremely small.

Originally, the use and sales of these motor mowers were almost entirely limited to three classes of customer, namely, public authorities (for municipal parks and gardens), clubs owning multiple tennis courts or a cricket ground, and large land owners. But nowadays a great many owners of small gardens are buying motor mowers. Financially, this is, of course, an extravagance. An amateur mechanic who buys a first-grade hand mower can keep it in good order for as many years as a motor cutter, costing more than twice as much, is likely to last. But the householder who makes a hobby of his garden may lack the time or the physique, or both, to attend to his own grass, especially if he owns a tennis lawn together with some purely decorative grass. It will never pay him to maintain a full-time or part-time gardener for the vegetable garden; it is far cheaper to buy greengrocery at shops. Hence, the modern tendency in small and medium gardens is to eliminate the vegetable garden, and to concentrate on lawns and

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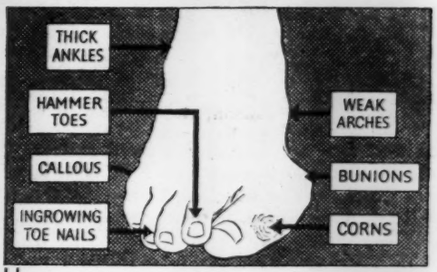

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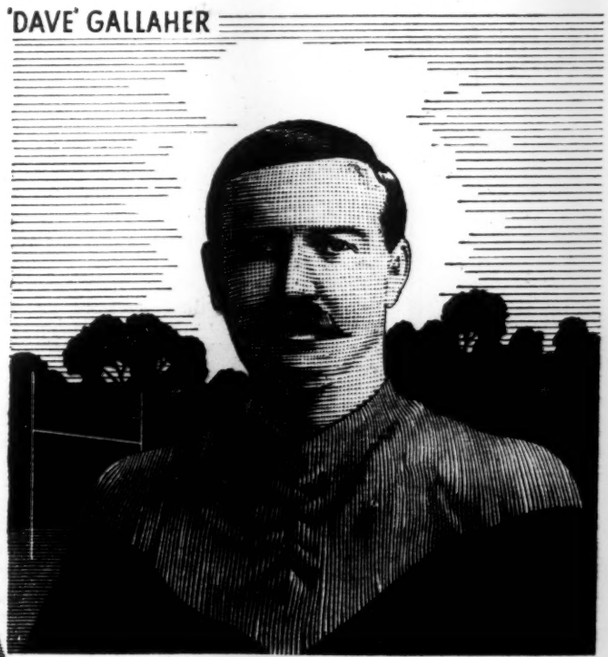
'DAVE' GALLAHER



FAMOUS FIGURES

'DAVE' GALLAHER. Famous Captain of a famous Team—the first "All-Blacks"—who came from New Zealand in 1905 to revolutionise Rugby Football in these islands. Had an unbeaten record apart from a 3-0 defeat by Wales in a never-to-be-forgotten game at Cardiff.

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3.P.38.A

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20 FOR 1/4 50 FOR 3/3 100 FOR 6/4 50 TINS (PLAIN ONLY) 3/4

flower-beds. The owner can personally attend to his flower garden, but the lawns are a very different matter. They demand many hours' work with a hand mower in the growing season, and, if they are to look their best, this work must be done regularly and promptly at a time of year when the owner wishes to make the most of the fine weather for other purposes, particularly if he has a family and a car. Some owners solve this problem by employing a jobbing gardener to cut their grass; but the jobber cannot always come at the desired moment, especially when unsettled weather makes mowing rather a catchy business. The golden moment is missed, and just when the flower borders are most brilliant, lanky and untidy grass ruins the appearance of a garden. But if a motor mower is bought no such problems exist. The business man can shave all his turf in three-quarters of an hour after his return from the office. Or the elderly spinster can restore her garden to sheer perfection without experiencing any subsequent weariness. The more expensive motor mowers can be fitted with a seat, so that the operator's exertion is reduced to steering and engine control. The financial contrast between power and hand mowers in a small garden is to the advantage of an owner who is able and willing to use the hand mower personally. But if a jobbing gardener is requisitioned to work the hand mower, the cost will probably be as great as that of a personally operated power mower, when examined over a period of years. If the reliability, convenience and efficiency of motor mowers were more widely known a great many single-handed amateur gardeners, owning quite small gardens, would consider the switch worth their while.

R. E. DAVIDSON

Week-end Competitions

No. 369

Set by T. W. Earp

A first prize of Two Guineas and a second prize of Half a Guinea are offered for the best letter from an author now successful, refusing an invitation from a lion hunter, male or female, who ignored him or her in less happy days. The limit should be 200 words.

RULES—

1. Envelopes should be marked with the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and should be addressed to COMPETITIONS, 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1. Solutions must reach the Editor by first post on Friday, April 16th.
2. Competitors may use a pseudonym. Typescript is not insisted on, but writing must be on one side of the paper only.
3. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves the right to print in part or as a whole any matter sent in, whether it be awarded a prize or not. MSS. cannot be returned. When no entries reach the required standard no prize will be awarded.
4. No competitor is eligible for more than one prize in any one week.

The result of last week's competition will be announced in our next issue.

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RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 367

Set by V. S. Pritchett

The shepherd in Marlowe's "Come live with me and be my love" was evidently not "economic man," whatever else he was:

> "Thy Silver dishes for thy meat
> As precious as the gods do eat
> Shall on an ivory table be
> Prepared each day for thee and me."

A modern rendering of the poem in the light of the new economic and political ideas on industrialised agricultural life is clearly necessary. The usual prizes are offered for such a version, compressed into three verses but otherwise following Marlowe's metre. Palgrave and other anthologies have the poem.

Report by V. S. Pritchett

I agree with Mr. W. Bliss: Marlowe's passionate shepherd was a fraud, a man of the court, playing the amorous rustic during an Elizabethan week-end, or the Lord of the Manor making improper advances to the Village Maiden. But only one other competitor, hiding under the pseudonym SEX VIRI and (rather disappointingly, I thought, under the circumstances) withholding his address, came near to the same opinion. The rest, in satire of varying wit and bitterness, made purely cynical advances. Girls—the invitation ran—Come to the subsidised country, live on tinned vegetables, ride on tractors and get what you can out of the Pig Marketing Board:

> "We'll plan in economic ways
> The kind of porkers not to raise,
> Just letting Elliot work the charm
> Of how to keep us on the farm." (Guy Innes.)

The shepherds are on the dole, the bailiff is in to tea while Nature is in chains:

> "The land its legal quota yields
> Beneath the pylons in the fields." (H. Broadbent.)

Even seduction is by the textbook and as for Marlowe's pleasures, well here is A. P. R.:

> "I'll learn thee strange dyspeptic sins
> Dependent on imported tins."

No Five Year Plan ecstasy about these competitors; I seem, on the contrary, to have raised the spleen of every bankrupt farmer in England and of every week-ender who finds he has to bring his own butter and milk down with him. Down comes the girl for the week-end to the model farm while

> "The Shepherd swains would go and drown
> Their indignation at the 'Crown.'"

This competition drove Durham University into a frenzy of political wit and rhetoric and I wish I could give A. P. R.'s *Franco to Hitler* the prize, but it really was outside the requirement laid down. Here is the last verse:

> "Come to these arms! With stronger flight
> Totalitaryanise me quite!
> Assist the Putsch with one more shove,
> Then live on me, and all for love."

In the finals were W. Durell, Sex Viri, J. Taylor, W. Bliss, and the prolific A. P. R. The first prize goes to W. Durell, the second to A. P. R.

FIRST PRIZE

THE COMMERCIAL SHEPHERD TO HIS PROSPECTIVE MATE

> Come live with me and be my Friend
> And fifty thousand sheep we'll tend;
> From pens ablaze with floodlit glitter
> Conveyors shall remove the litter.

Estate Duties

by instalments

IN THESE post-war years Estate Duty has become more productive to the Exchequer and more onerous to those who benefit under a Will.

The necessities of the national finances are such that there would appear little likelihood of this particular burden of taxation being lightened.

There is, however, a way of escape for those who wish to pass on, unimpaired, the savings of a lifetime or inherited wealth.

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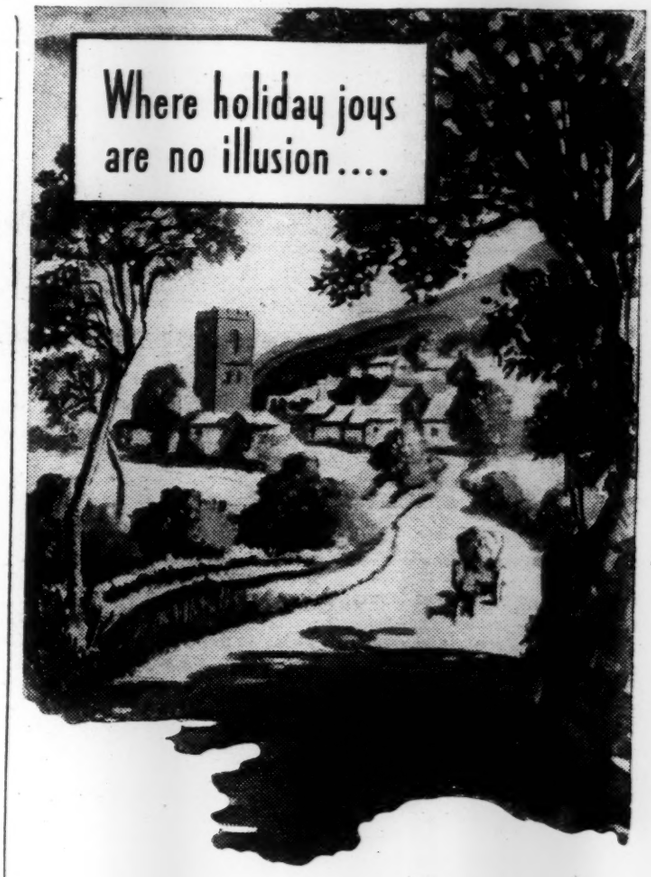

Your holiday . . . you plan it so carefully . . . you await it so eagerly . . . and how often does the reality bring disillusionment.

Come this year to Devon, where the bounty of Nature and the ingenuity of man combine to provide the perfect holiday playground.

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BEFORE YOU GO

Obtain these two books :—" GLORIOUS DEVON " by S. P. B. Mais, price 1/- (2/6 bound) " HOLIDAY HAUNTS " 1937, containing Holiday Addresses, etc. (price 6d.)

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WHEN YOU GET THERE

Cheap 1st and 3rd Class Weekly Holiday Season Tickets will enable you to see the best of the county.

All information will gladly be supplied by the Supt. of the Line, Great Western Railway, Paddington Station, W.2, or can be obtained at any Railway Station, or the usual Tourist Agencies.

GWR

DEVON

No warble fly shall round them buzz—
We'll show them what our sheep-dip does.
Electrically sheared they'll be
To make the clothes for you and me.

A butchery we'll also keep
To muttonize our older sheep,
And Government will pay us well
To burn the stuff we cannot sell.

W. DURELL

SECOND PRIZE

Come live with me and be my love
Until a gift from Heav'n above
Shall sublimate our base desires,
Consuming us with nobler fires.

Till in some bomb's untimely berth
We are divorced, and wounded Earth
Provide us with expensive tombs
(The privatest of gas-proof rooms).

There shall we sleep in peace, and bask
Like phoenixes, without a mask;
But if these pleasures fail to move
Thee, die alone; and die my love!

A. P. R.

CALIBAN'S PROBLEM CONTEST

PROBLEM 223.—MORE FROM M'BANGALAND

See "Big Game" (Caliban's Problem Book) and "The Latest from Lady Blanche" (The Sphinx Problem Book).

Lady Blanche Hyena writes: "The old quartette is at work in the bush again—Admiral Lion, Lord Giraffe (poor devil, he'll miss the Coronation), Mr. Gnothing Gnu and myself.

"Last night we had a competitive shoot on the usual basis—one or more points for each animal bagged, the ranking order being Lion (scoring most points), Giraffe, Gnu, Hyena. Collectively, we secured 25 points. On a point basis, we finished in the order (1) Mr. Gnu (with twice as many points as Lord Giraffe); (2) the Admiral; (3) me, and (4) his Lordship.

"As to beasts, I secured the most, with Gnu second. Altogether, we bagged three of one species; two of a second; two of a third; and only one of the fourth.

"Gnu still has the '*Gnu*' *Statesman*—horrible Communist rag—sent out to him in the bush. At his suggestion I now propound our customary conundrum:

"*How many beasts were shot by their own namesakes?*"

PROBLEM 221.—DOLLARPLUSH

There are a number of pairs of 3-digit primes totalling 1,000, but in four cases only are all six digits different:

(1) 239+761
(2) 359+641
(3) 431+569
(4) 479+521

Whence it is obvious that Two-times selected pair (3), claiming 569 dollars where he might have chosen (2) and thus received 641 dollars. *Hence he loses 72 dollars.*

A number of competitors, who used tables of primes, reproach me with setting too easy a problem. Those who worked out the answer from first principles had a better run for their money.

PROBLEM 220.—LITTLE AUDREY'S TEA-PARTY

A set of Low's cartoons goes to: Miss E. Graves, 71, Marina, St. Leonards-on-Sea.

Four points are awarded.

This popular "Stripp-Tease" produced 205 correct solutions.

PRIZES FOR PROBLEM SOLVERS

A set of Low's cartoons is awarded to the sender of a correct solution selected at random.

In addition, a record is kept of correct solutions sent, and of the points scored weekly by solvers. On attaining 100 points a solver is entitled to a prize consisting of any book (or books) reviewed or advertised in these columns, of a value not greater than 10s. Solvers who have won a prize on this basis are eligible for a second prize on attaining a further 120 points, and for a third prize on attaining a further 150. Solutions must be addressed to CALIBAN, c/o the Editor, and must reach this office not later than Tuesday week following publication of the problem. Solutions to two problems may be sent in one envelope, but on separate sheets of paper.

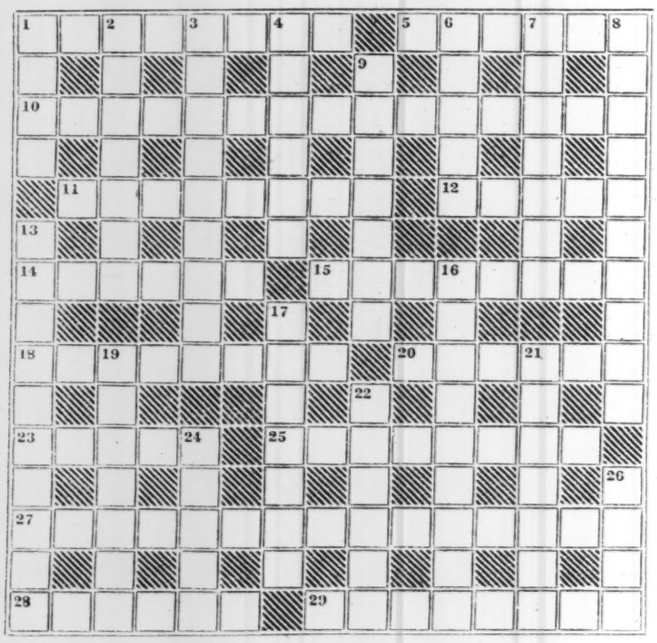
Some indication should be given of the method of solution.

[U.S.A. Competitors. The Editor regrets that the prizes offered in our Week-end Competitions cannot apply to American competitors.]

CALIBAN

WEEK-END CROSSWORD 370

Books to the value of Five Shillings may be chosen by the sender of the first correct solution opened. Post solutions to arrive not later than first delivery Wednesday following the date of issue, addressed to "CROSSWORDS," 10 Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1.



Set by L.-S.

The last week's winner is

J. Wilson Hays, "The Homestead," Wingate, Co. Durham

ACROSS

1. A form would not suffice for this rear sitting.
5. Every sect's opinion of itself.
10. Answered by a conviction for arson no doubt.
11. York, West and Leo are examples.
12. Continental town that deserves success.
14. A drink in Rogate.
15. He was cross about his garters.
18. Highest position for those at sea.
20. How Ally goes off?
23. The wind is tuneful in these woods.
25. What hens can't produce.
27. It is on Apollo's skyline.
28. Sidney was in front.
29. Took part in a revolting episode in 1381.

DOWN

1. Sailor embraced by a small infant.
2. What does this regally describe, Nuffield or Austin?
3. Stream-lined tidiness.
4. One does it by reasonable methods.
6. Chop up the trees.
7. A capital thing to write before one's name.
8. Lordly dwelling, not necessarily for a peer.
9. His foreign relations may be International.
13. Crafty dwellings.
16. They tend to break out in some sort of eruption.
17. Swears where to find the cricketers.
19. How the undergraduate is caught out.
21. Greek games.
22. An intriguing design.
24. Nightly noise that goes in any direction but west.
26. One's cards.

LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD

P	E	T	L	A	M	B	S	■	H	E	R	B	S	■
E	■	U	■	M	■	A	■	■	S	■	R	■	P	■
B	A	S	E	B	A	L	L	■	O	P	I	A	T	E
B	■	C	■	I	■	L	■	C	■	A	■	S	■	R
L	E	A	V	E	■	B	O	O	K	R	E	S	T	S
E	■	N	■	N	E	■	M	■	T	■	A	■	I	■
■	■	■	S	T	E	A	M	P	L	O	U	G	H	S
S	■	S	■	■	R	■	L	■	■	■	E	■	T	■
W	A	T	E	R	D	I	V	I	N	E	R	■	■	■
I	■	A	■	E	■	N	■	M	■	A	■	D	■	S
M	O	N	O	L	O	G	U	E	■	R	H	I	N	E
M	■	D	■	I	■	S	■	N	■	A	■	M	■	X
E	X	I	L	E	D	■	S	T	O	C	K	P	O	T
R	■	N	■	V	■	■	■	E	■	H	■	L	■	E
■	A	G	R	E	E	■	A	D	H	E	R	E	N	T

THE
POLITICAL QUARTERLY

April—June, 1937

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by BERTRAND RUSSELL

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by W. IVOR JENNINGS

THE FUTURE OF THE REPUBLICAN PARTY
by D. W. BROGAN

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by WILLIAM A. ROBSON

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THE WEEK IN THE CITY

MR. ROOSEVELT'S FINANCIAL INTERFERENCE—AMERICAN OIL SHARES—CABLE AND WIRELESS

THE forms of financial control in the United States and Great Britain present an extraordinary contrast. The only point of similarity is a common blind experimentalism : there it ends. In practice the American authorities are continually discussing their financial control in open debate : the British are keeping it a secret and are avoiding at all costs any Parliamentary discussion even of its existence. If the British Treasury wish to support the Government bond market Mr. Montagu Norman is called into secret conference. There follows a whispered conversation behind locked doors at the Bank of England between the Governor of the Bank and the Government broker, and then the Government broker goes furtively into the market and distributes his business round the jobbers, trying to give the impression that it is really a routine order. Not so Mr. Eccles, Governor of the Federal Reserve Board. He has just told a newspaper reporter that the Board would carry out open market operations to stop the fall in Government bonds. If Mr. Neville Chamberlain has any ideas about the rise in commodity prices, he keeps them to himself. Not so Mr. Roosevelt. He discusses it at a press conference. On Friday of last week he told the reporters that the Government was planning to curtail its expenditure on durable goods, such as copper and steel and cement, as their prices were far too high. And Wall Street promptly obliged the President by marking down the common stocks of companies manufacturing durable goods.

* * *

Unless Mr. Roosevelt can assume the powers of an economic dictator it is very doubtful whether he can prevent the American recovery developing into boom, boom into price inflation, with wages chasing prices in a spiral, and inflation into collapse and slump. But his Friday morning chat with the reporters showed that he was taking his economics seriously, even if he had become somewhat muddled. Mr. Roosevelt certainly has not made the mistake of Mr. Chamberlain and Sir Thomas Inskip, who blundered into announcing that the British Government as part of its defence programme would buy materials for stocking up. If the British unwisely talked the prices of durable goods up, Mr. Roosevelt has talked them down. But Mr. Roosevelt went off the economic rails when he declared that the time had now come for the Government to encourage the purchase of consumer goods. Government expenditure on relief works and doles, coupled with a general advance in wages, will inflate consumer purchasing power, and the increased demand for consumer goods will call for greater expenditure on machine tools, factory plant —in other words, on durable goods. It is obvious that the financial authorities in America are advising Mr. Roosevelt that a dangerous boom is developing and that Mr. Roosevelt has no clear idea what to do—except to talk. Someone probably advised him this week to stop taking foreign gold, and the mere rumour of it was sufficient to cause a slump in Throgmorton Street as well as Wall Street. The investor, not to mention the speculator, is becoming very tired of financial " control "

* * *

A reader some weeks ago doubted whether Shell Union option certificates, recommended in this column, were as cheap as they appeared. His argument was that the equity would probably be diluted before long by the issue of new common stock to meet debenture maturities, to provide more working capital and possibly to call the preference stock. Now the Royal Dutch-Shell group owns a majority of Shell Union common, and it would be absurd for it to take measures which would water its own stock. Our correspondent went on to discuss the American oil situation, with which he was obviously very familiar. For the most part this was too technical for our readers, but it is worth mentioning that the huge demand for heavy oils this winter, which has intensified refinery operations, has created a problem for the American oil industry. In future, the industry will have to adjust its refining programme so as to satisfy the increasing heavy oil demand without an undue increase in gasoline stocks. Fortunately, the heavy increase in gasoline stocks this winter is no more than is required by the anticipated increase in summer consumption. The sales of passenger cars and trucks in the first two months of this year show a rise of 20 per cent. Prosperity is practically assured for American oil companies this year. The only danger lies in a too-precipitous rise in crude oil prices, for if prices were advanced by more than 10 cents per barrel it might lead to excessive production. Moreover, it is essential to maintain the balance between crude oil and refined oil prices. The following table, showing the earnings and dividends of some American oil companies last year, contains an interesting column showing the ratio of production to the crude oil refined. The companies producing less than half their refining output would be badly hit by any steep rise in crude oil prices :

	Ratio of Production to Refining Output.	1936 Earnings.	1936 Dividends.	Price.	Earnings Yield %.	Dividend Yield %.
Standard Oil Group.						
Humble	90%	$4.25 est.	$1.00+50c. extra	82	5.18	1.83
S.O. of Indiana ...	29%	3.00 est.	1.00+1.40 extra	47½	6.32	5.05
S.O. of California ...	98%	1.75 est.	1.00+20c. extra	47¼	3.70	2.54
S.O. of New Jersey...	66%	3.75 est.	2.00	71½	5.24	2.80
Socony	48%	1.30 est.	70c.	19¼	6.75	3.64
Independents.						
Texas	48%	4.00 est.	1.00+50c. extra	60⅝	6.60	2.47
Continental	120%	2.40 est.	1.25+25c. extra	44¾	5.36	3.35
Phillips	152%	4.20 est.	1.75+75c. extra	58¼	7.21	4.29

Standard Oil of Indiana, which comes badly out of column 1, is steadily improving its crude oil position.

* * *

Why do companies adopt the course of proposing schemes of capital reorganisation just before instead of just after the publication of their balance sheet? The Cable and Wireless (Holding) Ltd. scheme is a case in point, and we can see no reason why the scheme should not be published at the same time as the company's annual report, which is due in little over a month's time. The last published earnings of the company relate to the year 1935, but various adjustments have to be made because the profits apparently included dividends of some £300,000 on the investments sold to the Cables Investment Trust and also an apparently non-recurring income-tax credit of £208,000. Moreover, in December, 1935, the Company bought back for cancellation nearly one-third of the total issue of 5½ per cent. preference stock out of the proceeds of sales of investments. Criticism of the scheme is therefore difficult, but we can say that the holders of the 5½ per

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cent. preference stock are getting a square deal, since the arrears of 1¾ years' dividend are to be paid (less tax at 4*s.* 9*d.*) in the form of 4 per cent. Cumulative Funded Income Stock, and the rights attaching to the preference stock are otherwise unaltered. As for the Income Stock, the interest of 4 per cent. and sinking fund of 1 per cent. will rank in priority to the Preference and Ordinary stocks, so that its market value should be around par. The proposals, however, deal very savagely with the "A" and "B" Ordinary stocks, which it is proposed to write down from £29,471,000 to £6,883,000. It does not, of course, matter very much whether the nominal value of the equity stock is £100 or £1, seeing that earning power is the only criterion by which equities can be valued. In this case, difficulties arise as between the relative terms to be given to the "A" and the "B" stockholders. Under the existing capitalisation the "A" stock is entitled to a dividend of 7½ per cent. before the "B" stock gets anything, and since this dividend requires the huge sum of over £1,500,000 per annum it is difficult to see how the "B" stock can be worth anything at all. However, the company proposes to write down each £100 "A" stock to £30 and each £100 "B" stock to £7 10*s.* and to consolidate both stocks into one class of ordinary. Both classes may object but, since it seems that the company cannot earn anything at all on its Ordinary stocks except in the height of a boom, they would do well to compose their differences as soon as possible and get some dividend return on their money while the going is good. What dividends are possible? We have only the monthly traffic index (of gross message receipts) as a guide to current earnings. Assuming that on the average traffic index of 74.4 for 1936 the company closed the year with a small surplus over the £922,000 required for the full preference dividend, and allowing for the charge of £61,600 for the service of the new Income Stock, it will be found that the company entered the new year with earnings of nil to ½ per cent. on the new Ordinary Stock. Now, every one point rise in the traffic index represents ¾ per cent. on the new equity, so that on an index of 85.2 for the first two months of the year, the company should be earning 8⅜ per cent. to 8⅞ per cent. on its ordinary stock now valued (with the "A" at 29 and the "B" at 7½) at 97. It is an interesting speculation on future traffics. The Preference Stock should be good enough until the next slump.

Company Meeting

VICKERS LIMITED

THE Annual General Meeting of Vickers Limited was held on 2nd April in London.

General The Hon Sir Herbert Lawrence, G.C.B. (Chairman), who presided, said (in part): The accounts show that net profits for the past year were £1,162,610, an increase of £234,505 compared with 1935. After the transfer of £250,000 to reserve, your directors recommend the payment of a dividend of 10 per cent. on the Ordinary Stock. Vickers-Armstrongs Limited, the largest subsidiary in the group, has again had a satisfactory year and has earned sufficient profit to enable it to pay the net sum of £759,684 by way of dividend.

I have frequently referred to the policy we have pursued for some years of bringing the plant and machinery of the various works and companies to a highly efficient state. While this has meant considerable capital expenditure, without it, we should not have achieved the improved financial results, nor should we have been able to maintain our position as the leading suppliers to the Government Services of the armaments required under the defence programme.

The English Steel Corporation Limited has again shown an increase in trading profits and has paid 20 per cent. dividend (free of income tax) on its deferred ordinary share capital.

The extensions to plant which are being carried out by certain of the subsidiary companies are not yet completed and the results of the past year do not appreciably reflect the increased armament production, the effect of which should begin to be realised during this year. Sooner or later the present exceptional home demand for armaments will diminish, and the Vickers Group must then be faced with a position similar to that which developed after the Great War. In the meantime every effort is being made by the operating companies in the difficult circumstances with which they are faced to retain their goodwill and connections both with the foreign market for armaments and consumers of their commercial products at home and abroad. It is also to be borne in mind that during this present exceptional period it is necessary and prudent that full provision for depreciation, obsolescence of plant and reserves should be made. With expanding business, total profits should increase, but if the provisions to which I have referred are made, your board point out that such increased total profits will not of necessity mean larger divisible profits.

The report and accounts were adopted.

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ALDWYCH. Jane Eyre. Wed., Thurs. & Sat.

APOLLO. London After Dark. Tu., Sat.

CAMBRIDGE. 1066 And All That. Th., Sat.

COLISEUM. The Vagabond King. W., Th., S.

COMEDY. Busman's Honeymoon. Tu., F.

DRURY LANE. Careless Rapture. Wed., Sat.

DUCHESS. Mile Away Murder. Wed., Sat.

GARRICK. The Two Bouquets. Tu., Fri., Sat.

GLOBE. "Candida." Wed. & Sat.

HIPPODROME. "Big Business." Th., Sat.

HIS MAJESTY'S. Balalaika. Wed. & Sat.

MERCURY. Ascent of F.6. Fri., Sat.

PLAYHOUSE. Whiteoaks. Wed., Th., Sat.

ST. MARTIN'S. Suspect. Tues., Fri.

SAVILLE. Over She Goes. Sats.

STRAND. The Squeaker. Wed. & Sat.

WESTMINSTER. Anna Christie. Wed., Sat.

WHITEHALL. Anthony & Anna. Wed., Sat.

WYNDHAM'S. George & Margaret. W., S.

THEATRES

ALDWYCH. Tem. Bar 6404.
8.30 (Ex. Mons.) Mats., Wed., Thurs. & Sat., 2.30.
JANE EYRE
CURIGWEN LEWIS. REGINALD TATE.

APOLLO. (Ger. 2663.) Evgs., 8.30. Tues. & Sat., 2.30.
MARION LORNE & WALTER HACKETT'S prodn.
LONDON AFTER DARK
by WALTER HACKETT.

CAMBRIDGE. Tem. Bar. 6056.
EVGS., 8.30. Mats., THURS., SATS., 2.30.
1066 AND ALL THAT
A Musical Revue of English History.

COLISEUM, Charing X. Tem. Bar 3161. Evgs., 8.15.
Mats., WEDS., THURS., & SATS., 2.30.
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ZENA DARE in
CARELESS RAPTURE

DUCHESS. (Tem. 8243.) 8.30, Wed., Sat., 2.30.
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HIS MAJESTY'S. (Whi. 6606.) EVGS., 8.15.
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Mats., WEDNESDAYS & SATURDAYS, 2.30.

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LECTURES AND MEETINGS

THE ETHICAL CHURCH, Queen's Road, Bayswater, W.2. Sunday, April 11th, at 11, MR. H. J. BLACKHAM: "COMMON SENSE." 6.30, MRS. VIRGINIA FLEMMING: "THE MODERN ENGLISH FEAR OF INFLUENCING YOUNG MINDS."

AEOLIAN HALL, New Bond Street, Theistic Church Service. Sunday, 11: REV. ST. VINCENT ARMSTRONG, B.A. Subject: "THE APOSTLE."

CONWAY HALL, Red Lion Square, Holborn.—Sunday, April 11th, at 11 a.m.: HAR DAYAL, M.A., Ph.D.: "ETHICAL ASPECTS OF BUDDHISM." 6.30 p.m. Concert Chamber Music. Admission Free. Visitors Welcome.

LECTURE SOCIAL. Mondays at 8 p.m., April 12th: "BABIES FOR WHAT?" by RICHARD TITMUSS. Youth House Club, 250 Camden Road, N.W.1. GUL 5189.

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MODERN CULTURE INSTITUTE. DR. HAR DAYAL, M.A., Ph.D., will speak on Thursday, April 15th, at 8 p.m., at the Caxton Hall, on "THE WISDOM OF SHAKESPEARE." Free.

ANIMAL DEFENCE SOCIETY, 15 St. James's Place, S.W.1. Wednesday, April 14th, at 3.30: Lecture by MISS LIND-AF-HAGEBY on A NEW DISCOVERY: THE THINKING, SPEAKING, COUNTING DOGS OF WEIMAR. Admission Free.

PEACE PLEDGE UNION. St. John's Wood. Group Inaugural Meeting. April 15th: All Saints' Church Hall, Finchley Road (nr. Marlboro' Road Station). 8 p.m., CANON MORRIS. Everyone concerned about peace is welcome.

LONDON SCOTS Self-Government Committee will hold a supper at White Heather Restaurant, 75 Strand, W.C.2, on Friday, April 23rd, at 7.30 p.m. RT. HON. TOM JOHNSTON, M.P., MR. GEORGE MATHERS, M.D., COL. CAMPBELL GALBRAITH, C.M.G., will speak on IMPORTANT ASPECTS OF SCOTS' SELF-GOVERNMENT. Tickets 2s. 6d. from MRS. KORRIE FRASER, 76 Church Street, S.W.3.

THE SEX EDUCATION SOCIETY has arranged for DR. HARRY BENJAMIN, of New York, to lecture on "REJUVENATION" at The Suffolk Galleries, Suffolk Street, Haymarket, W.1, on Tuesday, April 13th, at 8 p.m. Chairman: Dr. NORMAN HAIRE. Members free. Non-members, 2s.

SOVIET LITERATURE, ART AND THE THEATRE by Dr. OSIAKOVSKI at the Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, W.C.1., on Friday, April 16th, at 8 p.m. Tickets, price 1s. and 6d., from West Central F.S.U., 12 Torrington Square, W.C.1.

FIVE Study Lectures on IMPERIALISM AND INDIA at Memorial Hall, Farringdon Street, E.C.4 Mondays, 8 p.m.
April 12. JOHN STRACHEY: "IMPERIALISM AND INDIA."
April 19. Dr. SHELVANKAR: "POLITICS AND ECONOMICS OF EMPIRE IN INDIA."
April 26. LESTER HUTCHINSON: "CONDITION OF THE INDIAN PEOPLE." Chairman: H. L. Beales.
May 3. V. K. KRISHNA MENON: "INDIAN AWAKENING." Chairman: J. F. Horrabin.
May 10. V. K. KRISHNA MENON: "THE CONSTITUTION AND AFTER."
FREE. RESERVED SEATS, SERIES 2s. 6d., SINGLE 1s. THE INDIA LEAGUE, 165 Strand, W.C.2.

A.I.A. Friday, April 9th, 8.15 p.m., F. D. KLINGENDER on "THE MASS APPEAL OF THE AMERICAN FILM." Friday, April 16th, 8.15 p.m., A. L. LLOYD on "THE FOLKSONG AND CULTURE OF SPAIN." (With gramophone). Both lectures at 9 Gt. Newport St., W.1.

JOHN STRACHEY on IMPERIALISM, Memorial Hall, Monday, 12th April, 8 p.m. Admission, free. Res., 1s. Tickets, India League, 165 Strand, W.C.2.

TUESDAY, 13th April. THE POSTER AND CARICATURE IN THE U.S.S.R. A Lecture with lantern slides by R. HERDMAN PENDER, Small Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, W.C.1., 8.15 p.m. The function of the poster in the U.S.S.R. is primarily educational. The slides will show its various stages adapted to the growing literacy of the masses, and its basic aim in developing a spirit of unity among the citizens, and encouraging their active participation in the life of the Soviet Union. Chairman: Mr. E. MCKNIGHT KAUFFER.

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